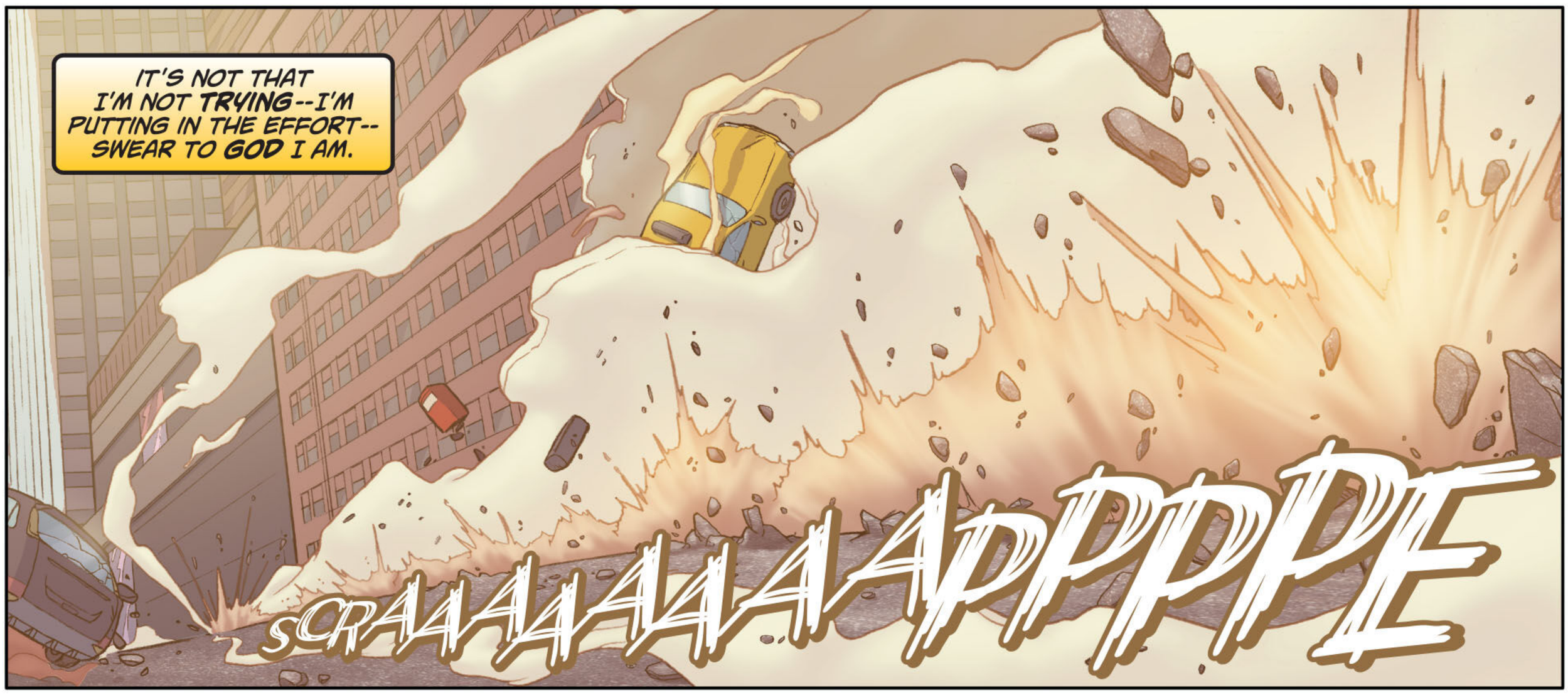
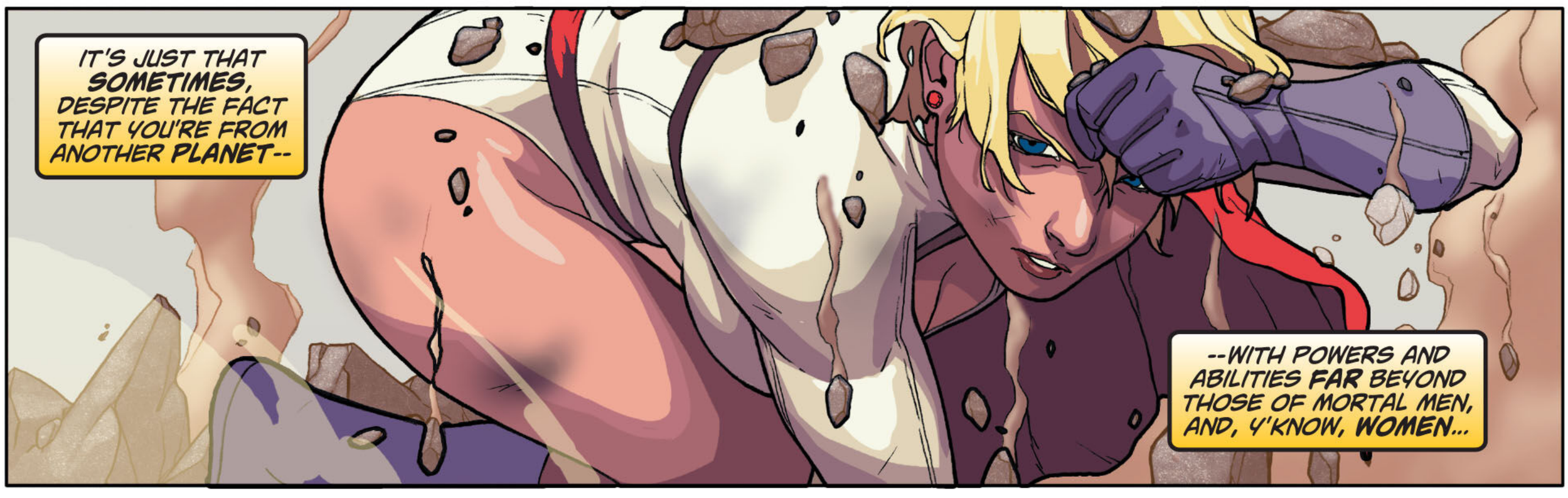
DC
WINICK • BASRI
POWER GIRL
14
SEP '10
CRASH TEST!
DCCOMICS.COM

THIS ISN'T GOING VERY WELL.
AND I'M NOT BEING OVERLY CRITICAL, I'M JUST STATING THE FACTS.
THIS IS NOT MY FINEST HOUR.


IT'S NOT THAT I'M NOT TRYING--I'M PUTTING IN THE EFFORT--SWEAR TO GOD I AM.
SCRAAAAAAPPPPE


IT'S JUST THAT SOMETIMES, DESPITE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE FROM ANOTHER PLANET--
--WITH POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MEN, AND, Y'KNOW, WOMEN...

...DESPITE HOW UNBELIEVABLY STRONG YOU ARE AND TRYING YOUR ABSOLUTE STINKING BEST--

--SOME DAYS YOU JUST FLAT-OUT GET YOUR BUTT HANDED TO YOU.
OH, BOY... THIS IS GONNA HURT.

AND I'M NOT EVEN TALKING ABOUT THIS BATTLE OUT HERE ON THE STREETS.

STARRWARE LABS.

YOU BUTT MONKEYS WANT A FIGHT?! YOU'LL GET ONE!!

A KNOCK-DOWN, DRAG-OUT, FIFTEEN-ROUND, MASSACRE!!

CARNAGE, BABY!!

ENOUGH BLOOD TO MAKE A CIVIL WAR MEDIC PUKE FOR A YEAR!!

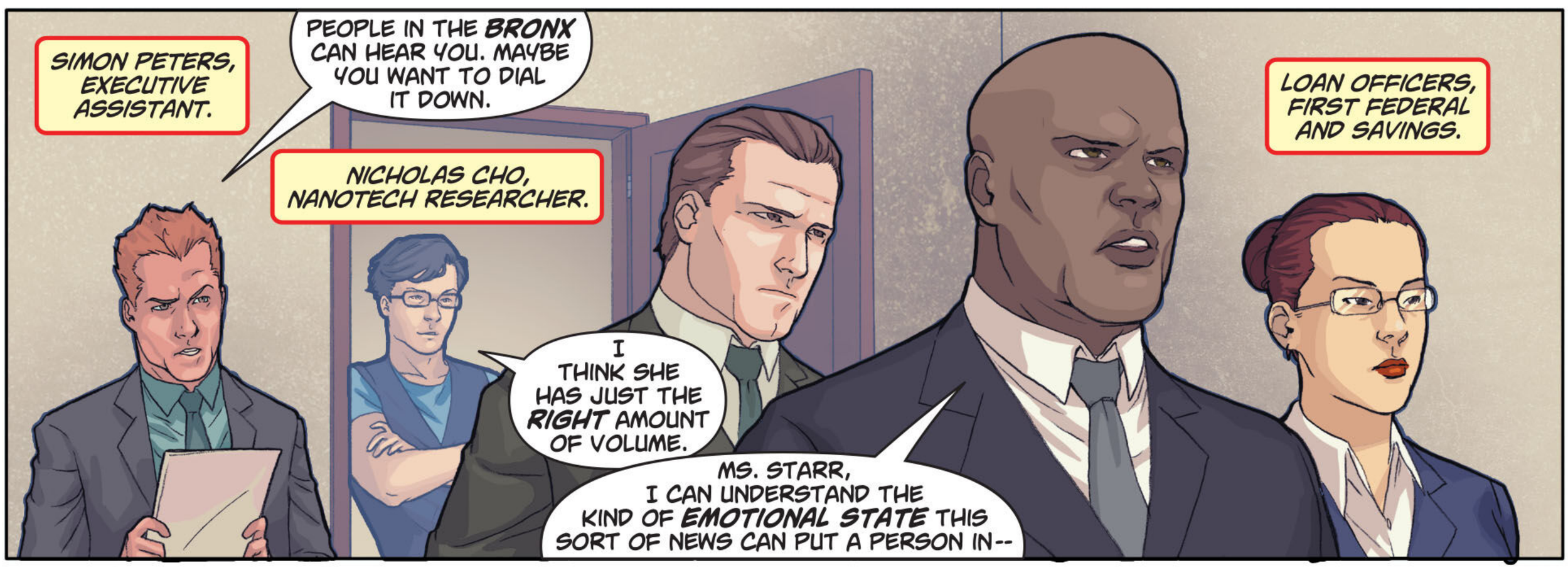
Y'HEAR ME?!

4 HOURS EARLIER.

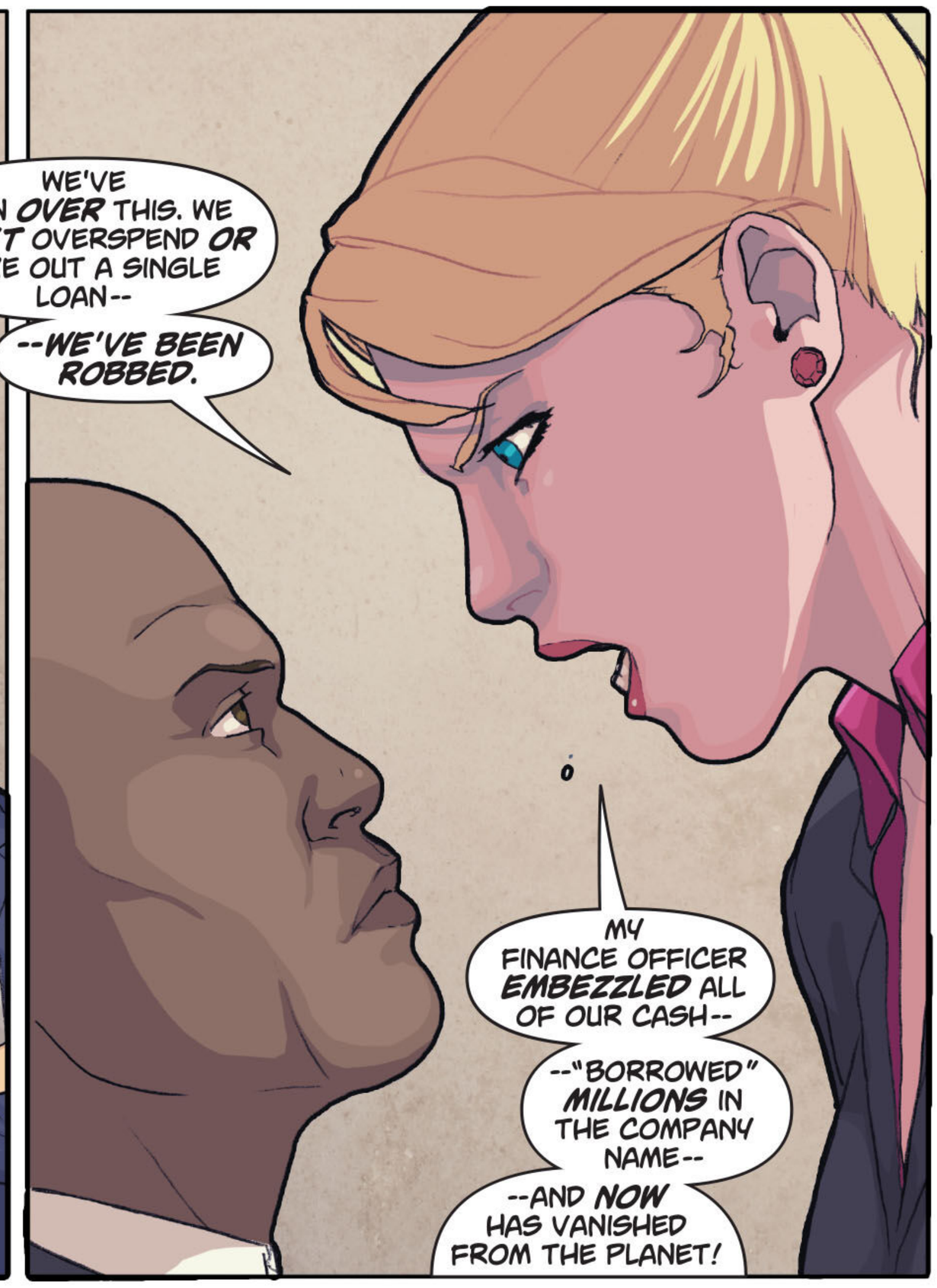
BOMB SQUAD

PART ONE

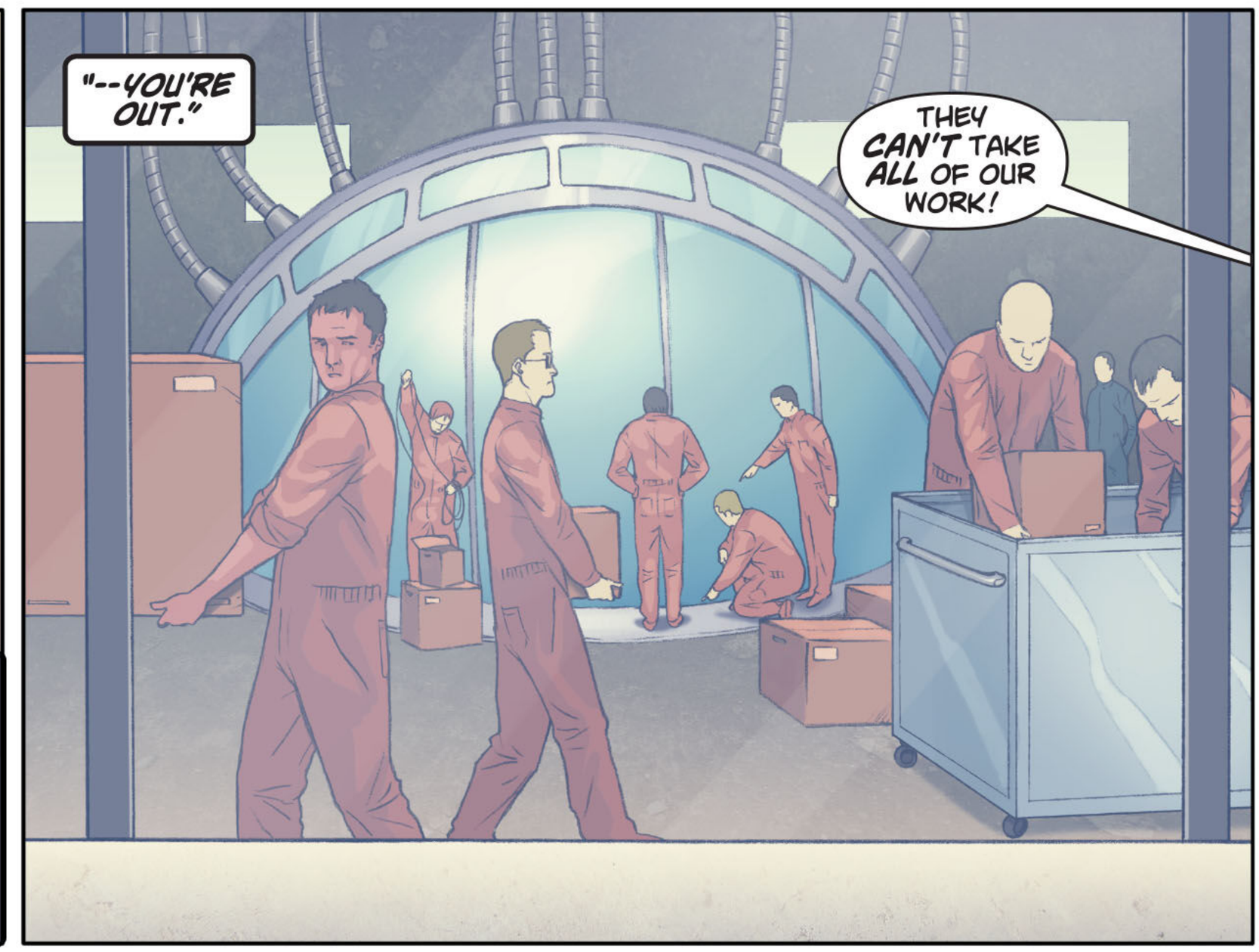
WRITTEN BY JUDD WINICK ART & COVER BY SAMI BASRI
LETTERS BY JOHN J. HILL COLORS BY SUNNY GHO
ASSOCIATE EDITOR RACHEL GLUCKSTERN EDITOR MIKE CARLIN

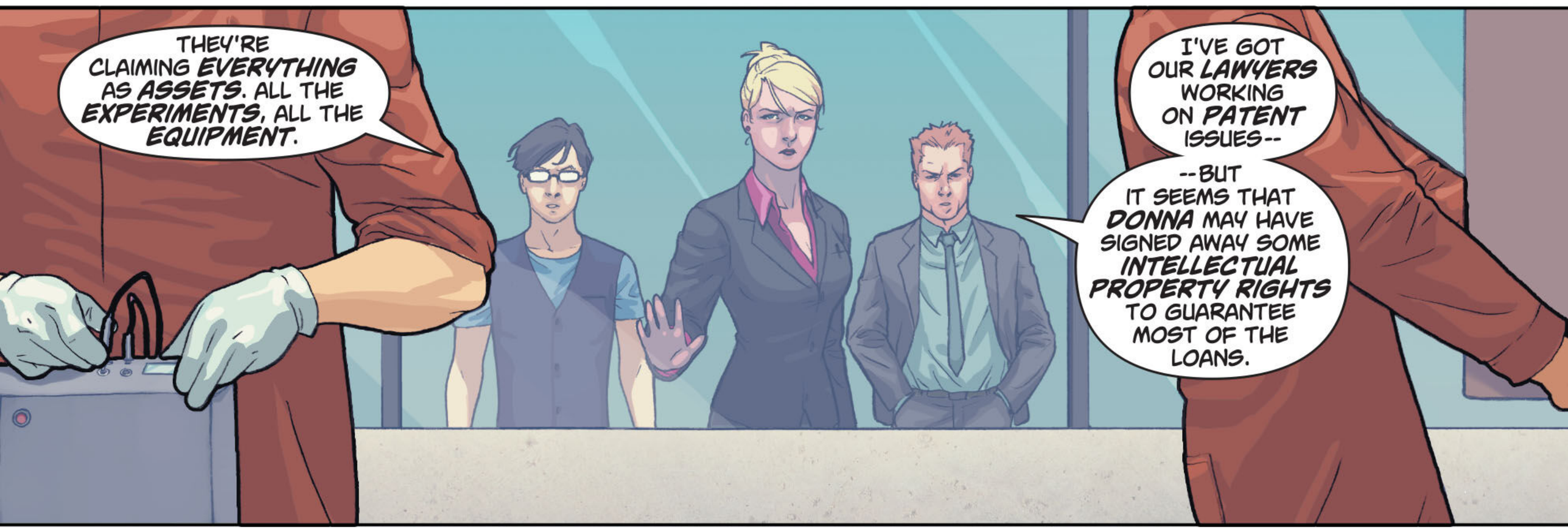


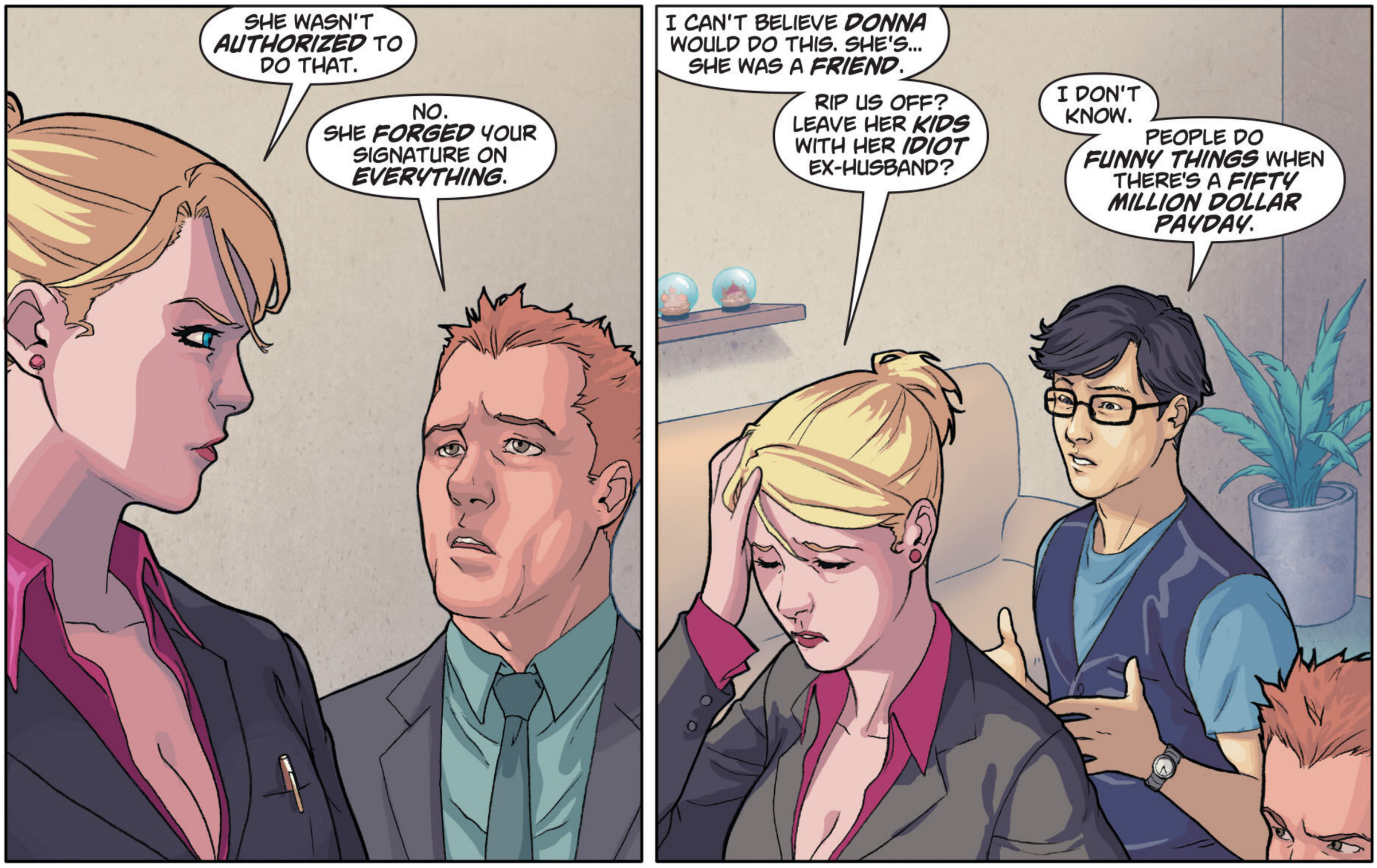
WE'RE NOT TAKING YOUR COMPANY. YOU LOST IT.
YOU BLEW THROUGH YOUR FUNDING, YOU DEFAULTED ON YOUR LOANS, YOU--

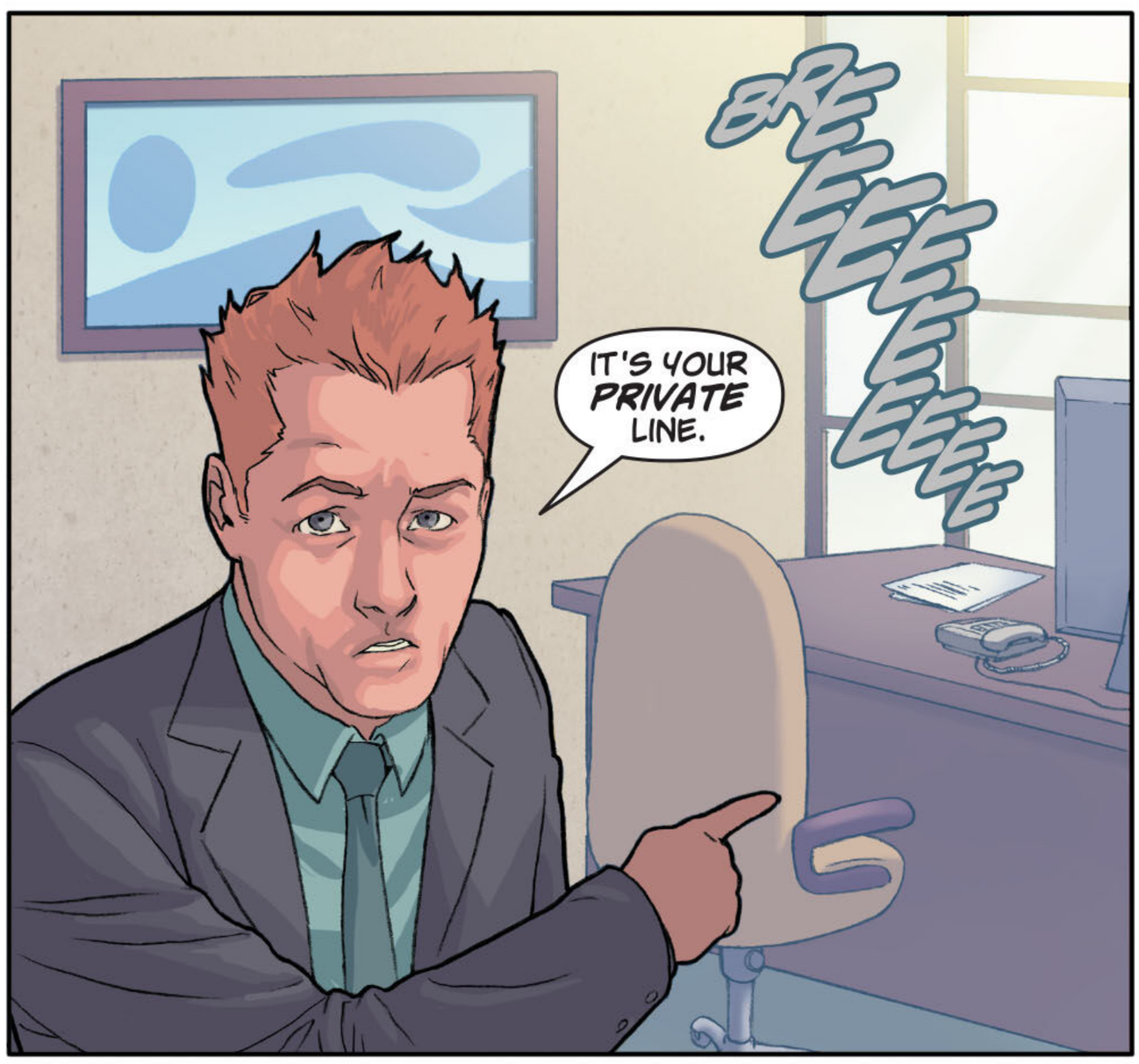

WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS. WE DIDN'T OVERSPEND OR TAKE OUT A SINGLE LOAN--
--WE'VE BEEN ROBBED.
MY FINANCE OFFICER EMBEZZLED ALL OF OUR CASH--
--"BORROWED" MILLIONS IN THE COMPANY NAME--
--AND NOW HAS VANISHED FROM THE PLANET!

THAT IS A LONG-TERM LEGAL MATTER AND WE ARE HAPPY TO COOPERATE WITH THE AUTHORITIES IN ANY WAY, BUT IN THE SHORT TERM--

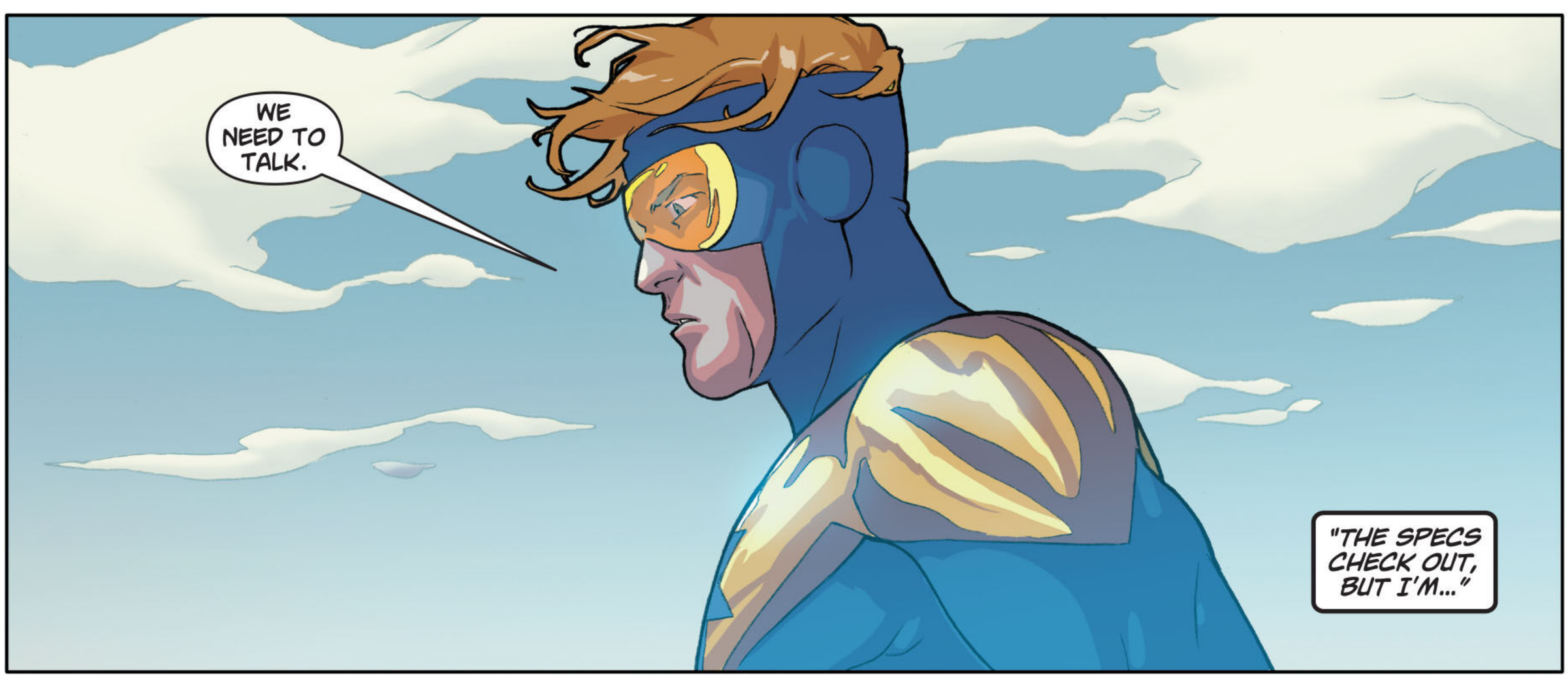

"--YOU'RE OUT."
THEY CAN'T TAKE ALL OF OUR WORK!

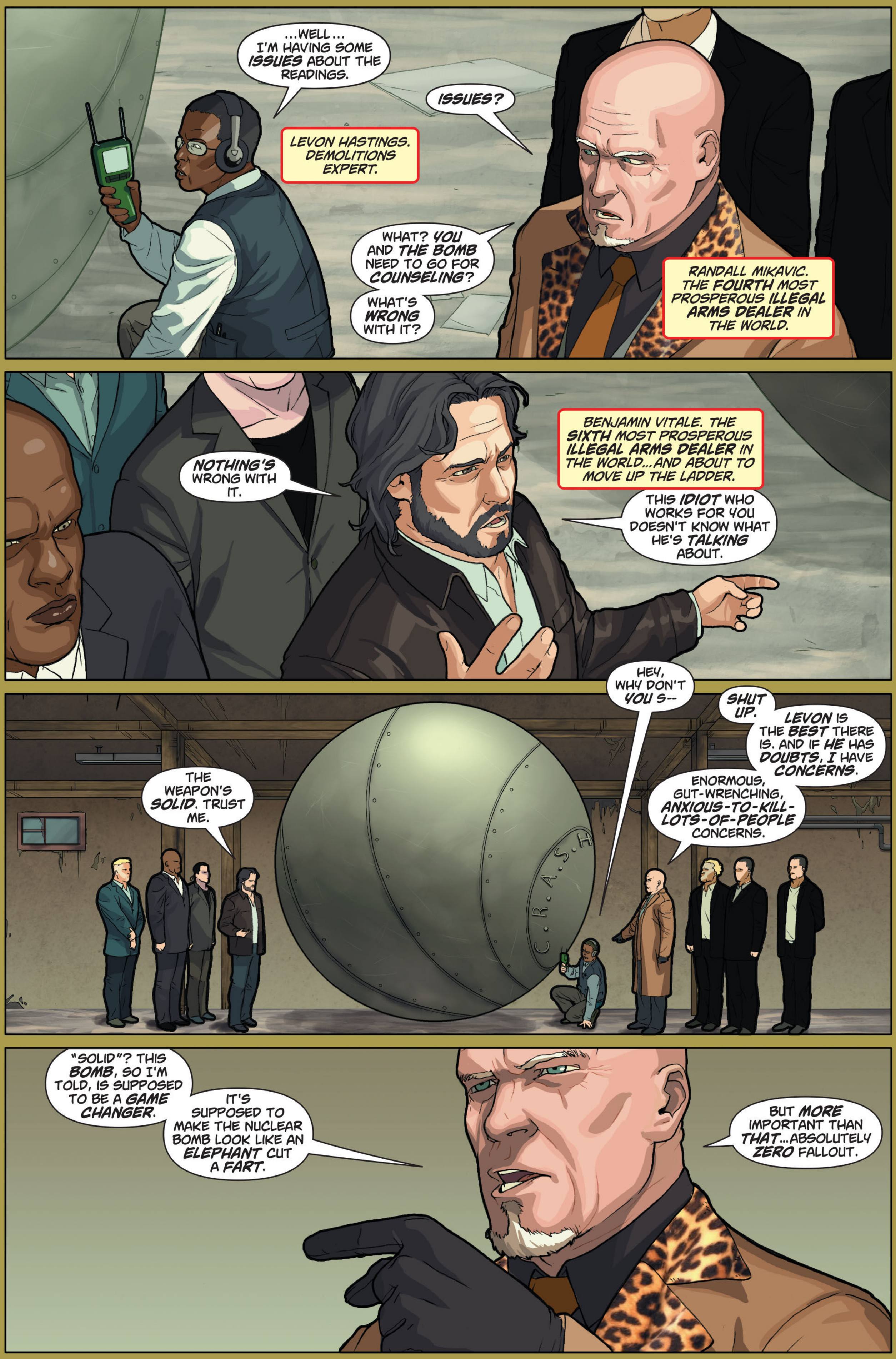

THEY'RE CLAIMING EVERYTHING AS ASSETS. ALL THE EXPERIMENTS, ALL THE EQUIPMENT.
I'VE GOT OUR LAWYERS WORKING ON PATENT ISSUES--
--BUT IT SEEMS THAT DONNA MAY HAVE SIGNED AWAY SOME INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY RIGHTS TO GUARANTEE MOST OF THE LOANS.


SHE WASN'T AUTHORIZED TO DO THAT.
NO. SHE FORGED YOUR SIGNATURE ON EVERYTHING.
I CAN'T BELIEVE DONNA WOULD DO THIS. SHE'S... SHE WAS A FRIEND.
RIP US OFF? LEAVE HER KIDS WITH HER IDIOT EX-HUSBAND?
I DON'T KNOW.
PEOPLE DO FUNNY THINGS WHEN THERE'S A FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR PAYDAY.

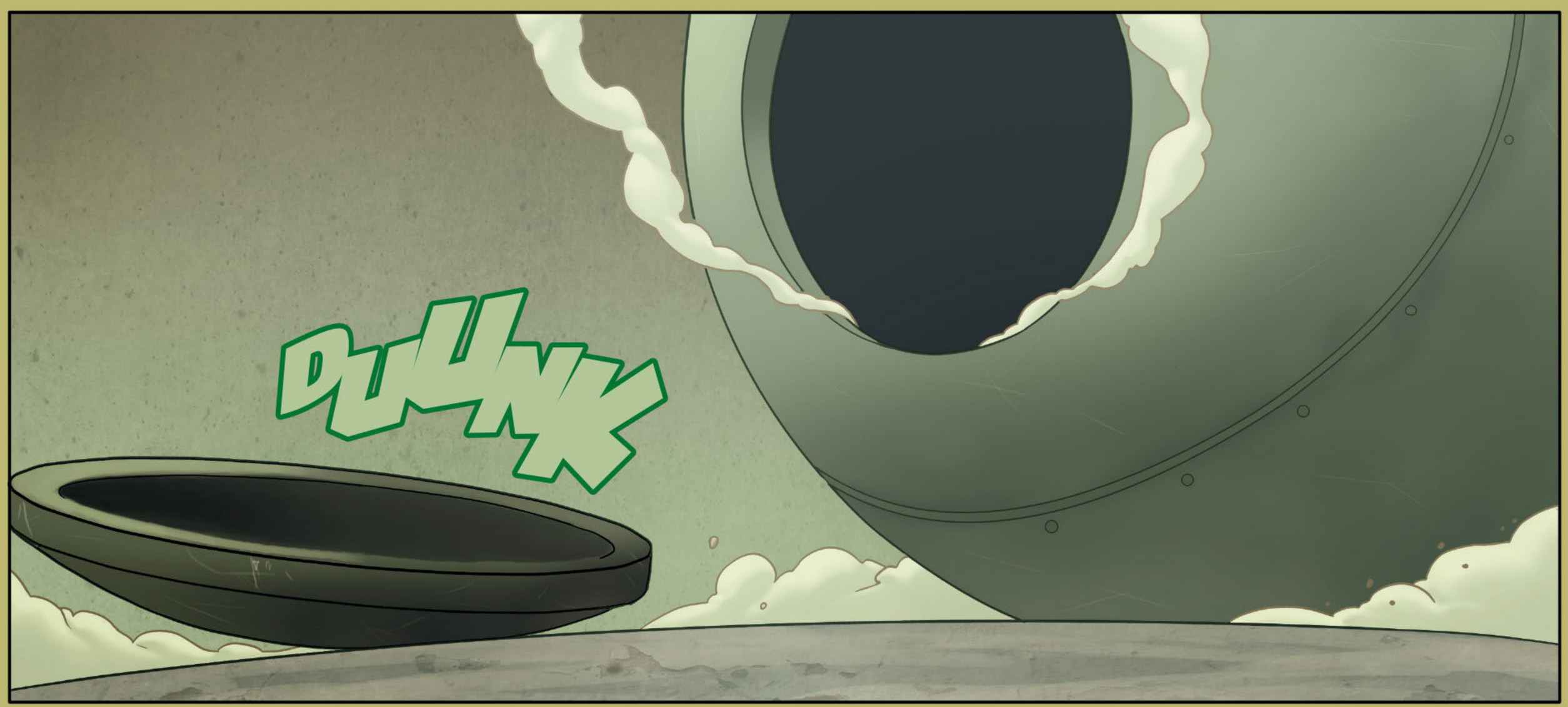

BREEEEEEEEE
IT'S YOUR PRIVATE LINE.

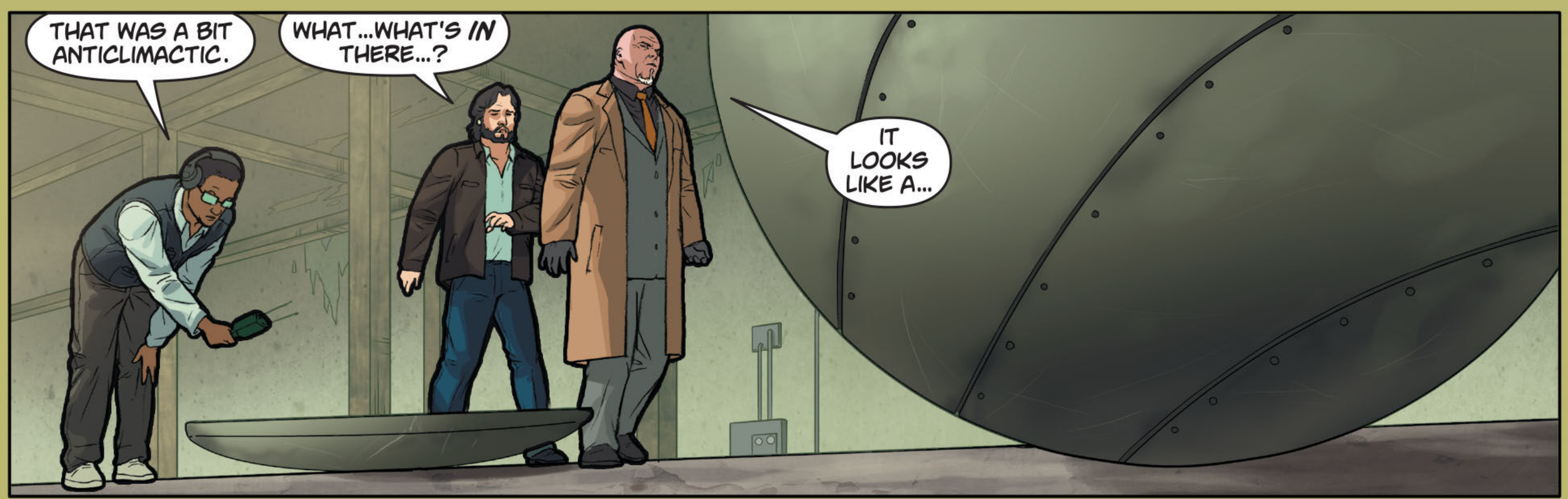
YES?
IT'S ME.

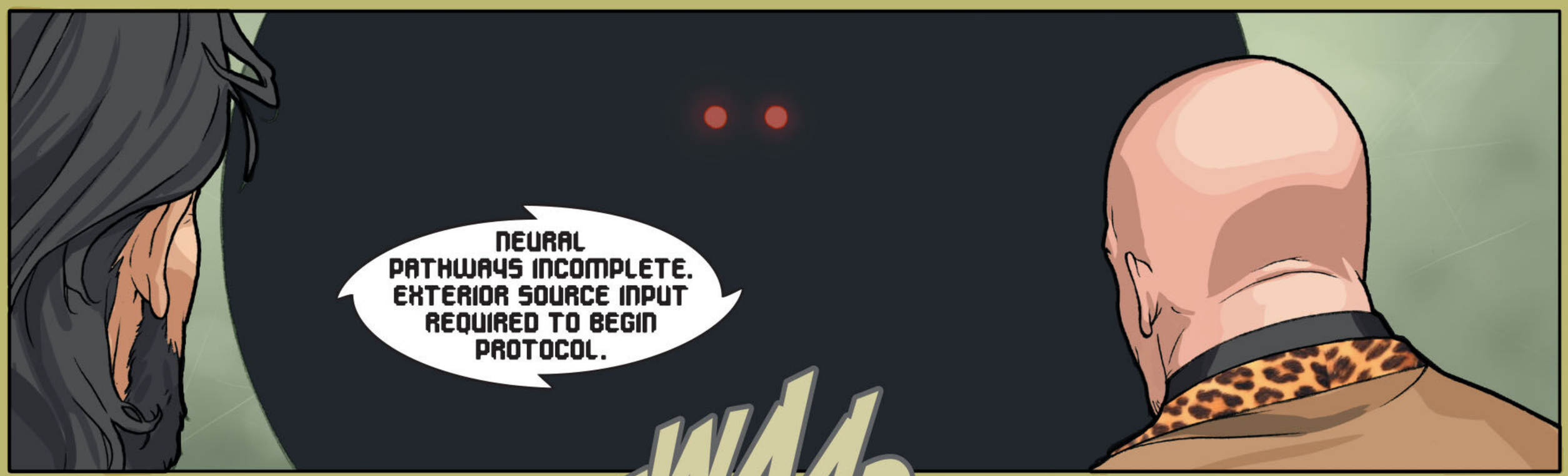

WE NEED TO TALK.
"THE SPECS CHECK OUT, BUT I'M..."

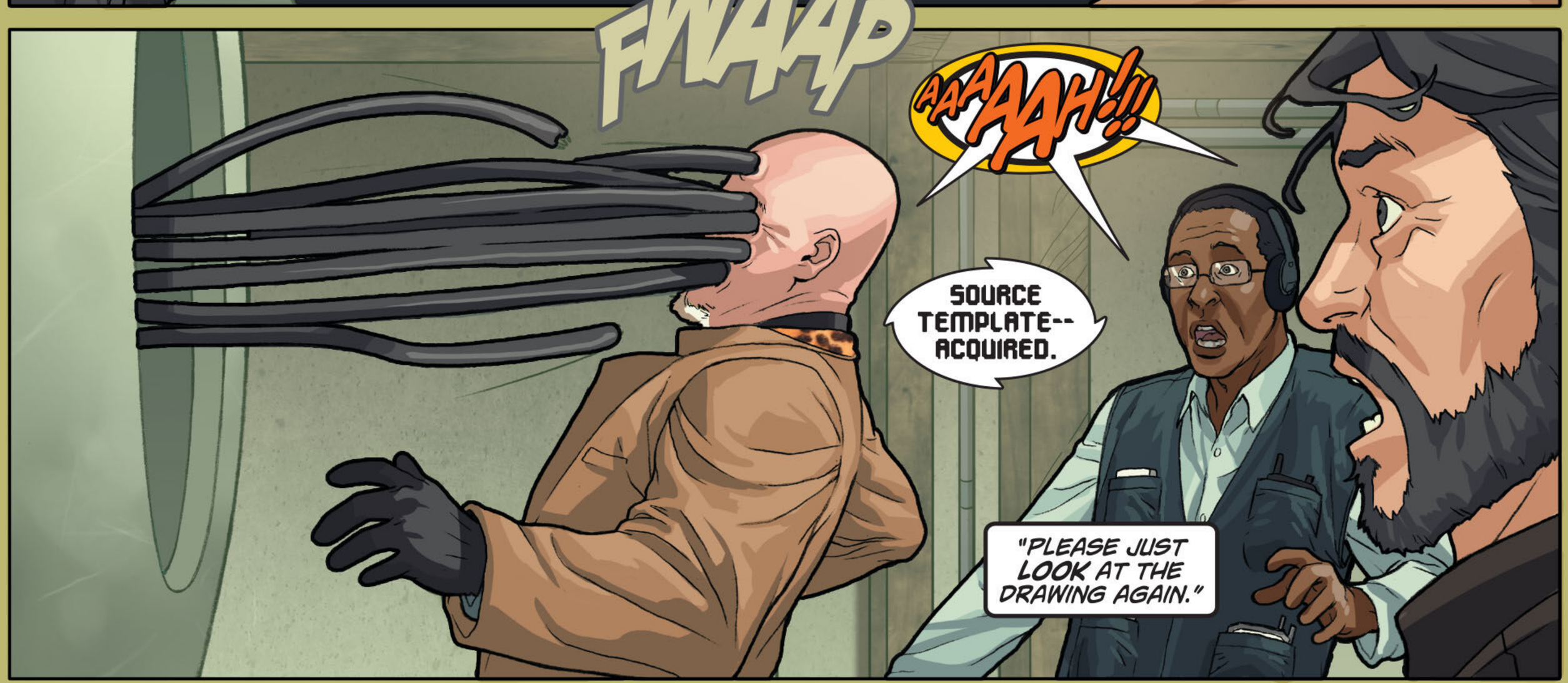

...WELL... I'M HAVING SOME ISSUES ABOUT THE READINGS.
ISSUES?
LEVON HASTINGS. DEMOLITIONS EXPERT.
WHAT? YOU AND THE BOMB NEED TO GO FOR COUNSELING?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?
RANDALL MIKAVIC. THE FOURTH MOST PROSPEROUS ILLEGAL ARMS DEALER IN THE WORLD.
NOTHING'S WRONG WITH IT.
BENJAMIN VITALE. THE SIXTH MOST PROSPEROUS ILLEGAL ARMS DEALER IN THE WORLD...AND ABOUT TO MOVE UP THE LADDER.
THIS IDIOT WHO WORKS FOR YOU DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.
HEY, WHY DON'T YOU S--
SHUT UP.
LEVON IS THE BEST THERE IS. AND IF HE HAS DOUBTS, I HAVE CONCERNS.
THE WEAPON'S SOLID. TRUST ME.
ENORMOUS, GUT-WRENCHING, ANXIOUS-TO-KILL-LOTS-OF-PEOPLE CONCERNS.
C.R.A.S.H
"SOLID"? THIS BOMB, SO I'M TOLD, IS SUPPOSED TO BE A GAME CHANGER.
IT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE THE NUCLEAR BOMB LOOK LIKE AN ELEPHANT CUT A FART.
BUT MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT...ABSOLUTELY ZERO FALLOUT.

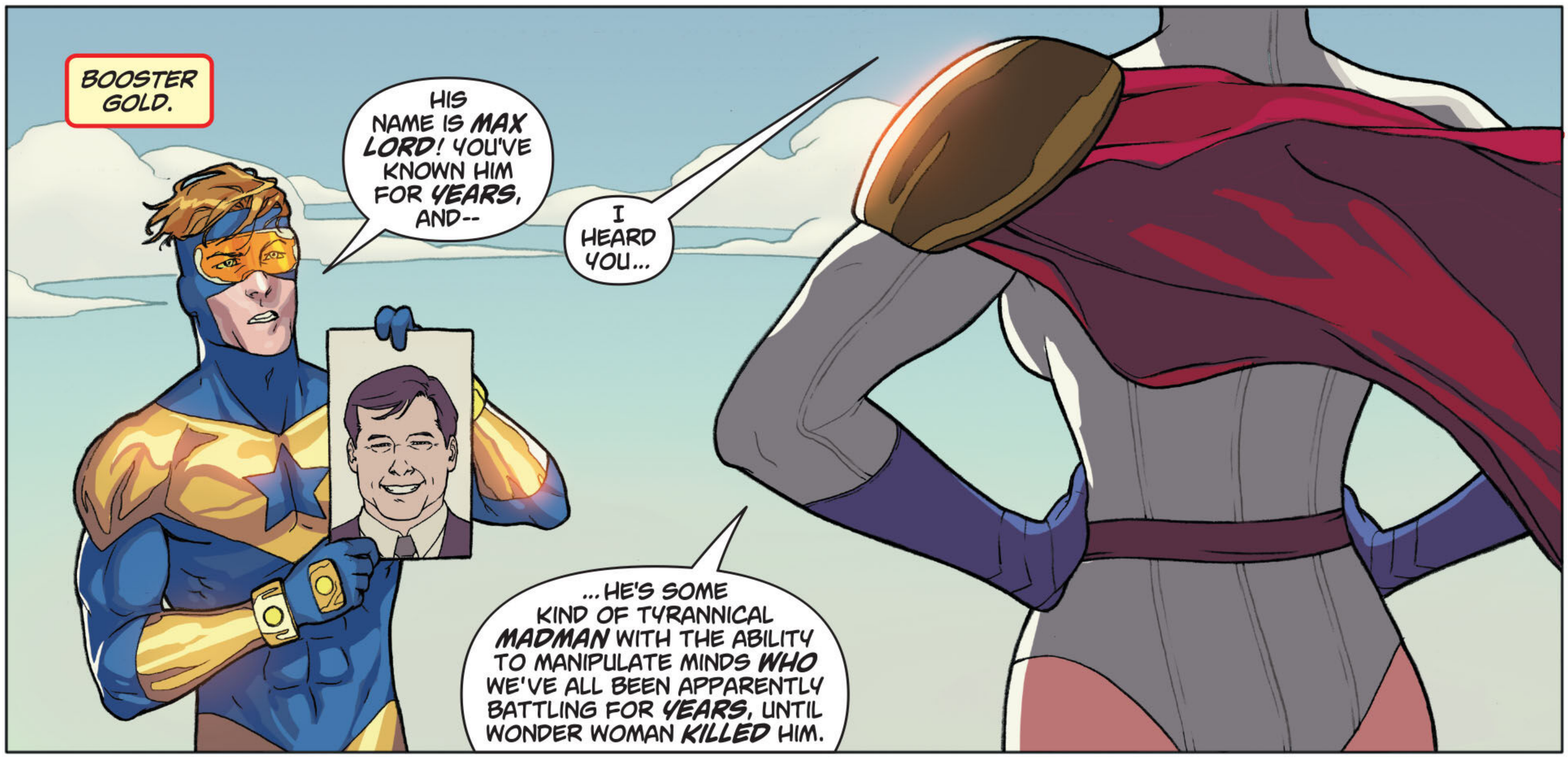
THIS BAD BOY IS THE OPPOSITE OF NUCLEAR.
AN INDIVIDUAL CAN JUST LAY WASTE-- THEN MOVE IN THE NEXT DAY AND REBUILD IN WHATEVER FASHION THEY DESIRE.
FOR THIS, I'M PAYING YOU MORE MONEY THAN I'VE EVER LAID DOWN FOR ANYTHING.
AND, SWEETENING THE POT, YOU'LL HAVE CONTACTS AND HALF MY ROUTES.
FOR THIS, I WANT MY BOMB EXPERT LEVON TO WET HIS PANTS AND MOAN THAT HE'S SEEN GOD.
LEVON?
I CAN'T SEE ANY WAY THIS THING CAN ACTUALLY BLOW UP.
ALL I'M DETECTING INSIDE IS ORGANIC MATERIAL. COMPLETELY BIOLOGICAL.
BIOLOGICAL?!
YOU'RE TRYING TO SELL ME SOME KIND OF BLACK PLAGUE IN A CAN?
I CAN GET THAT FROM ANY PISSED-OFF STANFORD CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT ALUMNUS!
HOW DOES IT WORK?!
I DON'T KNOW! OUR INSIDE MAN GOT KILLED.
I KNOW IT'S DROPPED FROM A PLANE AND IN FOUR HOURS THE CITY'S GONE.
FOUR HOURS, THAT DOESN'T MA--
ISSSST
WHOA. I THINK IT'S ACTIVE.
WHAT?!
RUN!! GO!! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT THING WILL--


DUUNK

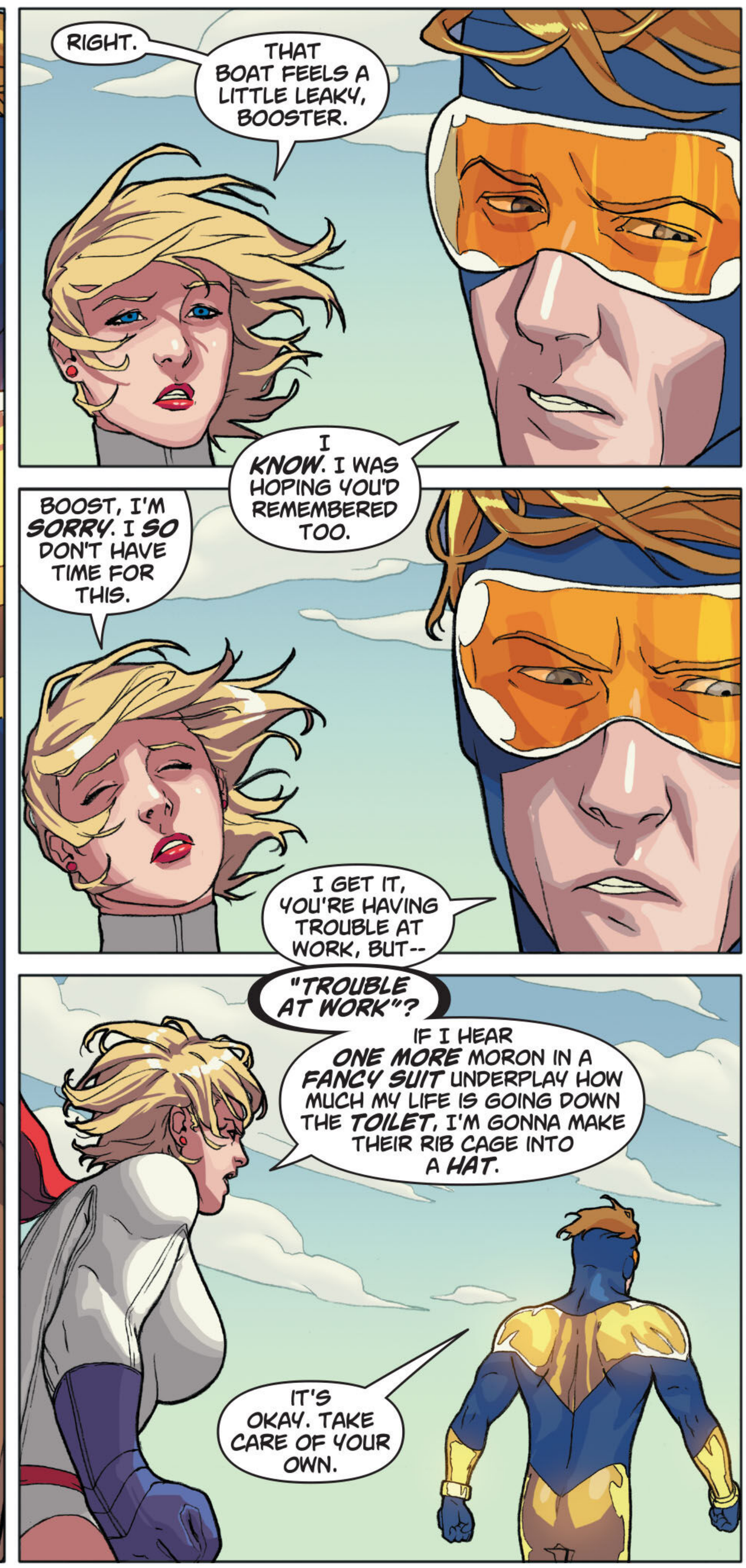

THAT WAS A BIT ANTICLIMACTIC.
WHAT...WHAT'S IN THERE...?
IT LOOKS LIKE A...

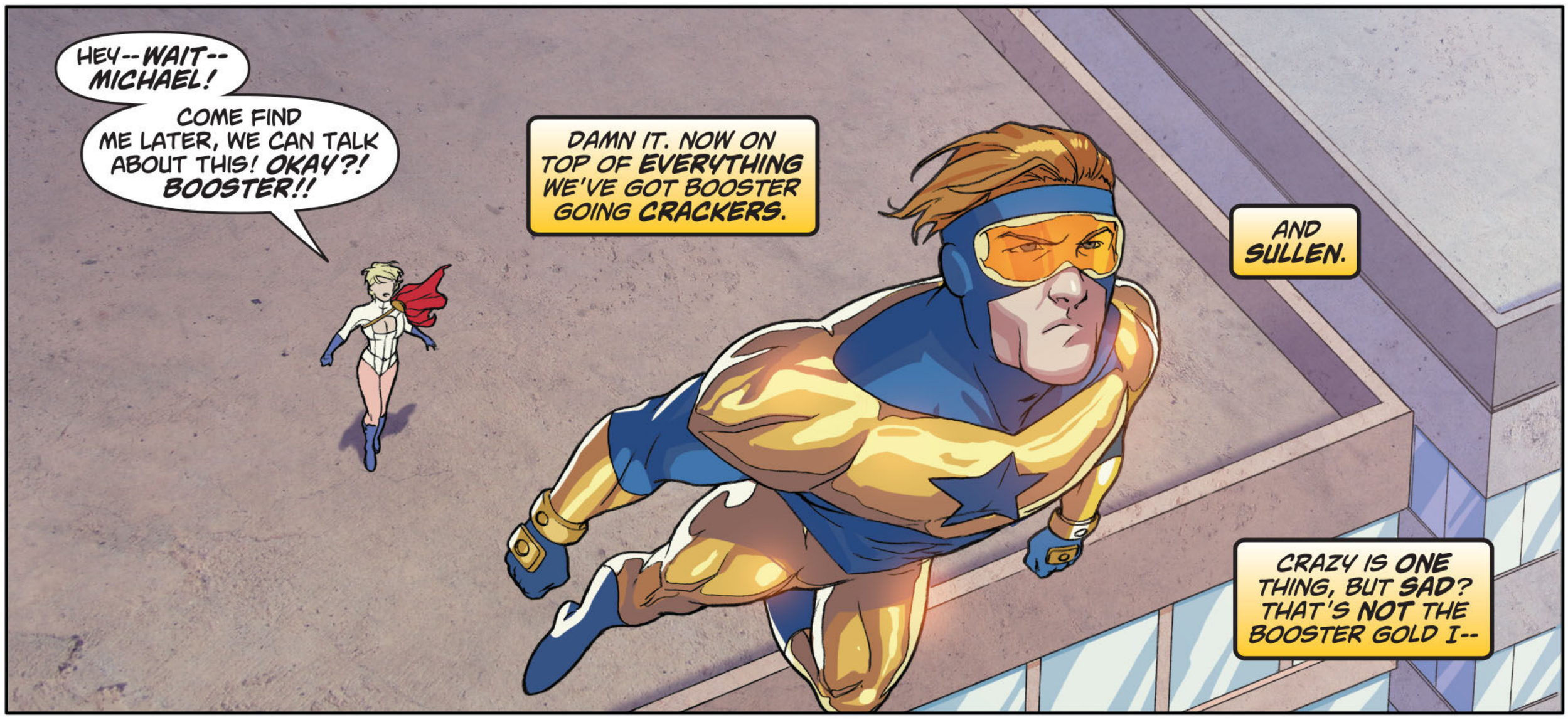

NEURAL PATHWAYS INCOMPLETE. EXTERIOR SOURCE INPUT REQUIRED TO BEGIN PROTOCOL.

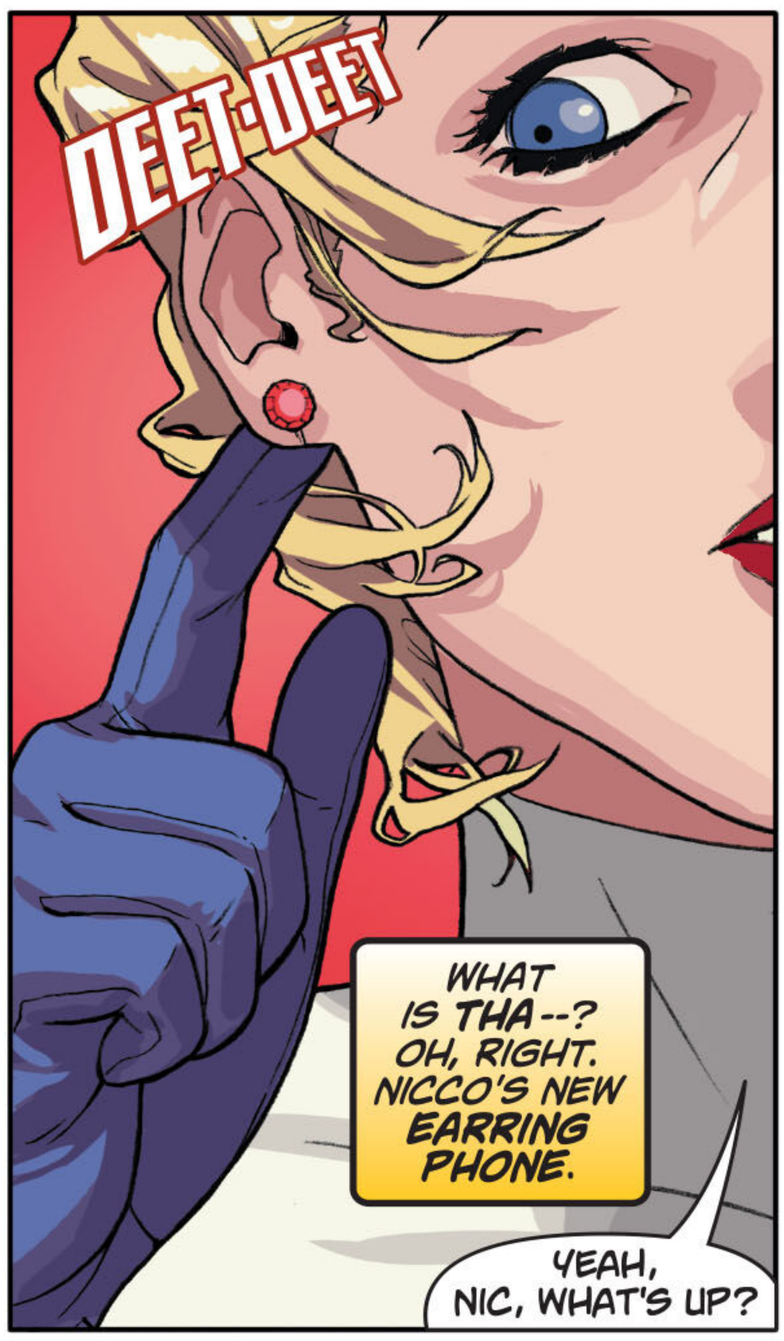

FWAAP
AAAAAH!!!
SOURCE TEMPLATE-- ACQUIRED.
"PLEASE JUST LOOK AT THE DRAWING AGAIN."


BOOSTER GOLD.
HIS NAME IS MAX LORD! YOU'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS, AND--
I HEARD YOU...
...HE'S SOME KIND OF TYRANNICAL MADMAN WITH THE ABILITY TO MANIPULATE MINDS WHO WE'VE ALL BEEN APPARENTLY BATTLING FOR YEARS, UNTIL WONDER WOMAN KILLED HIM.

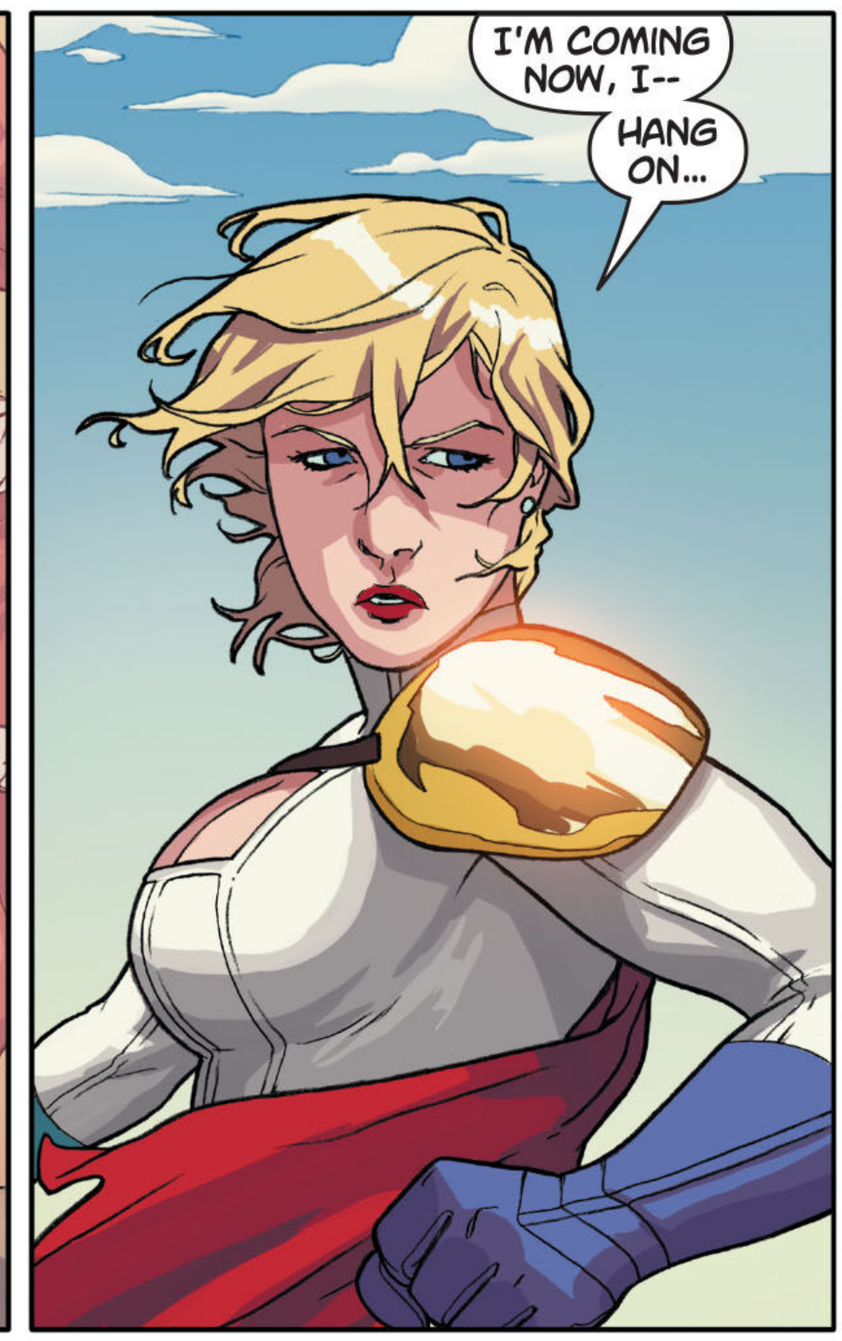
YES.
EXCEPT NOBODY REMEMBERS THIS EXCEPT YOU?
ME, CAPTAIN ATOM, FIRE AND ICE.
MAX WIPED KNOWLEDGE OF HIS EXISTENCE FROM EVERYONE ELSE'S MEMORY.

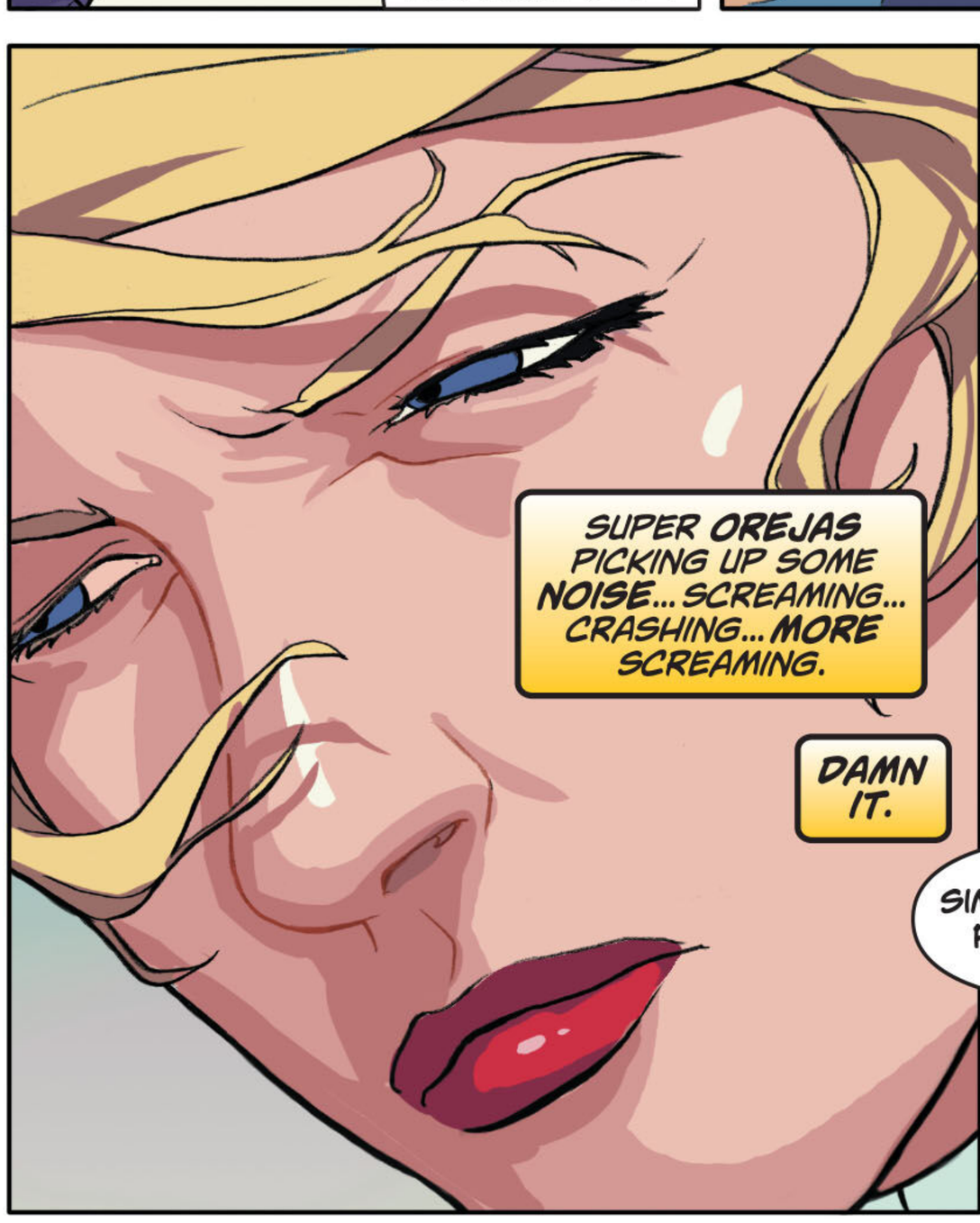

RIGHT.
THAT BOAT FEELS A LITTLE LEAKY, BOOSTER.
I KNOW. I WAS HOPING YOU'D REMEMBERED TOO.
BOOST, I'M SORRY. I SO DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
I GET IT, YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE AT WORK, BUT--
"TROUBLE AT WORK"?
IF I HEAR ONE MORE MORON IN A FANCY SUIT UNDERPLAY HOW MUCH MY LIFE IS GOING DOWN THE TOILET, I'M GONNA MAKE THEIR RIB CAGE INTO A HAT.
IT'S OKAY. TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN.

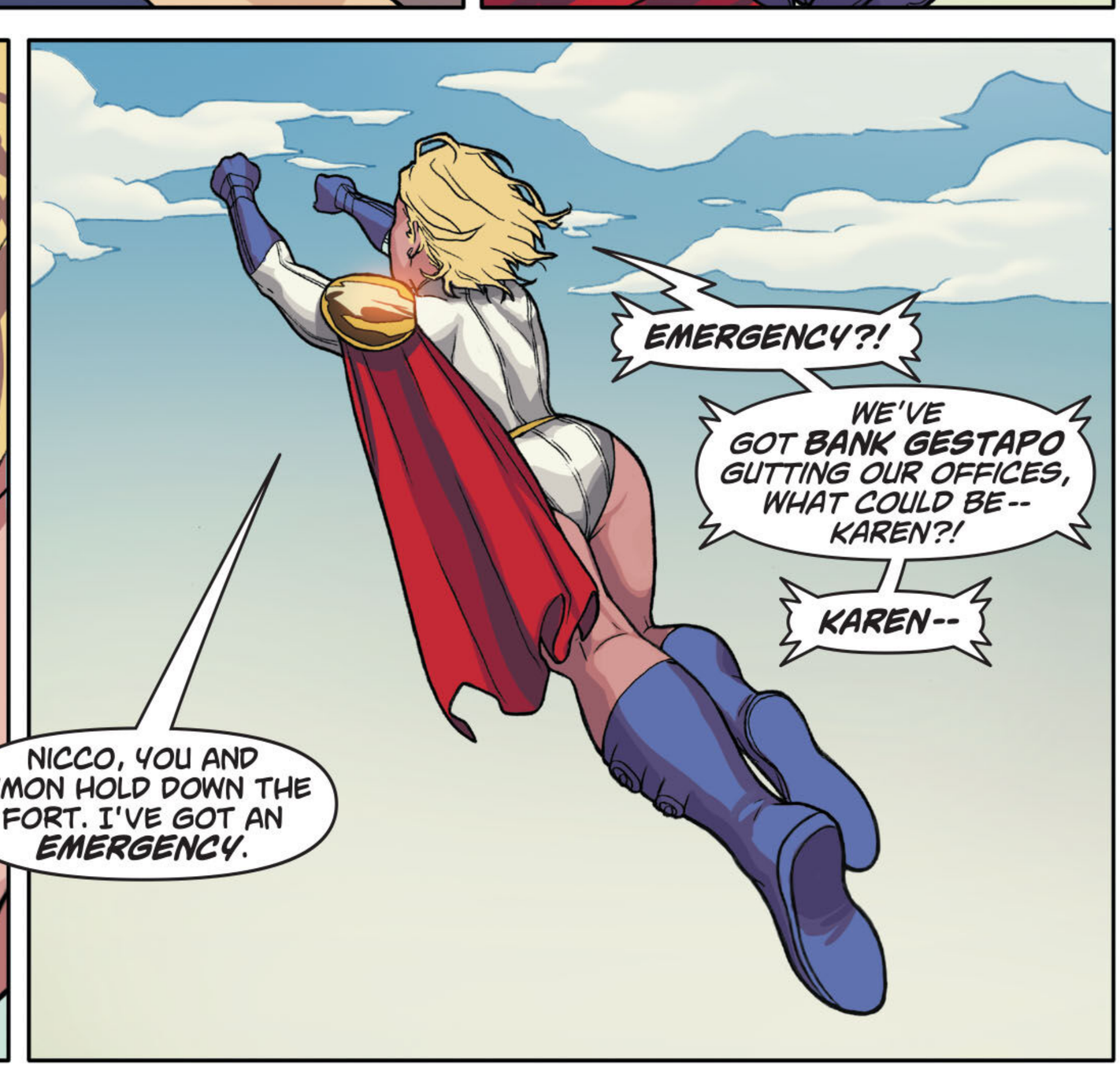

HEY--WAIT--MICHAEL!
COME FIND ME LATER, WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS! OKAY?! BOOSTER!!
DAMN IT. NOW ON TOP OF EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT BOOSTER GOING CRACKERS.
AND SULLEN.
CRAZY IS ONE THING, BUT SAD? THAT'S NOT THE BOOSTER GOLD I--

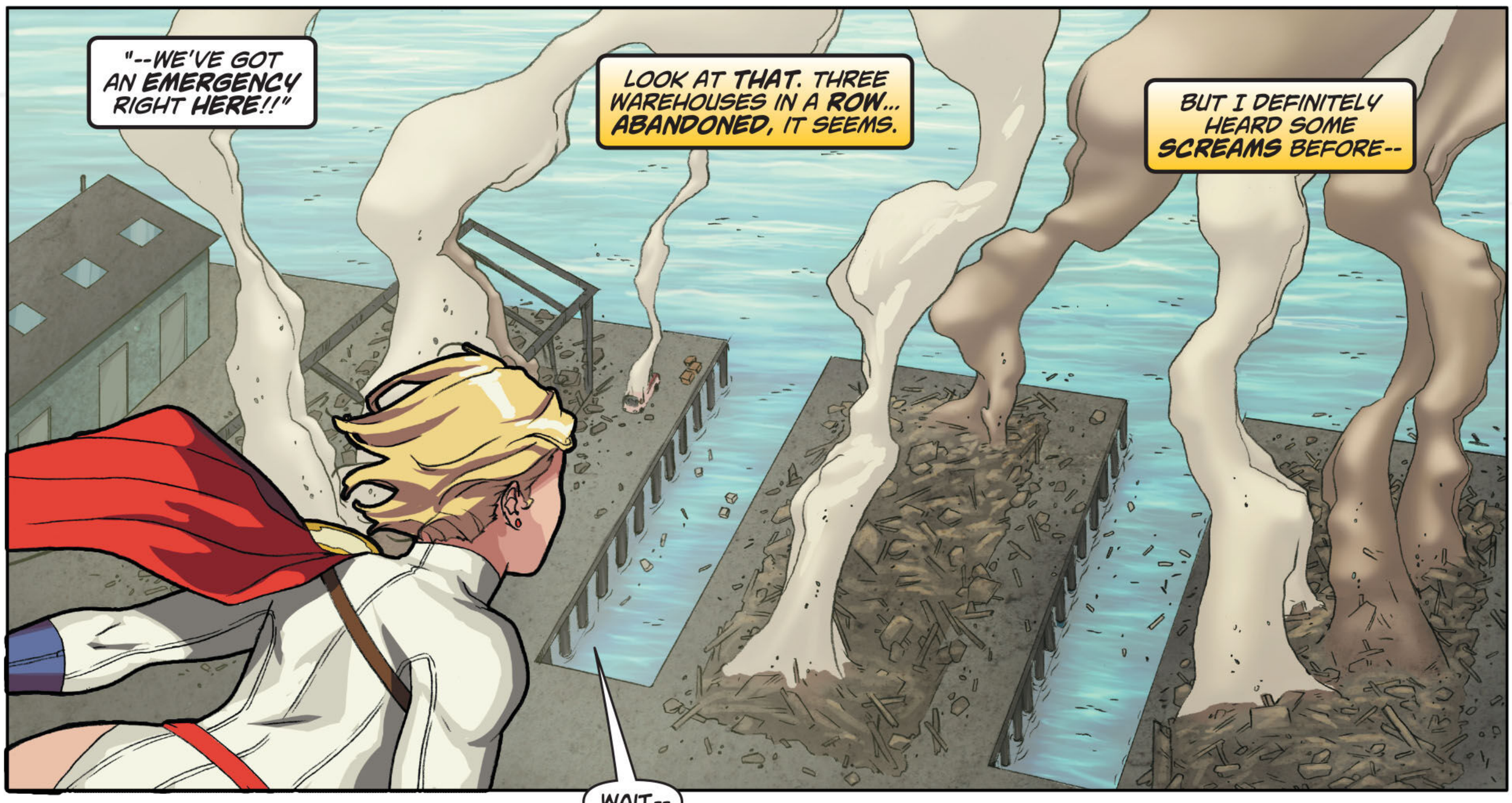

DEET-DEET
WHAT IS THA--? OH, RIGHT. NICCO'S NEW EARRING PHONE.
YEAH, NIC, WHAT'S UP?

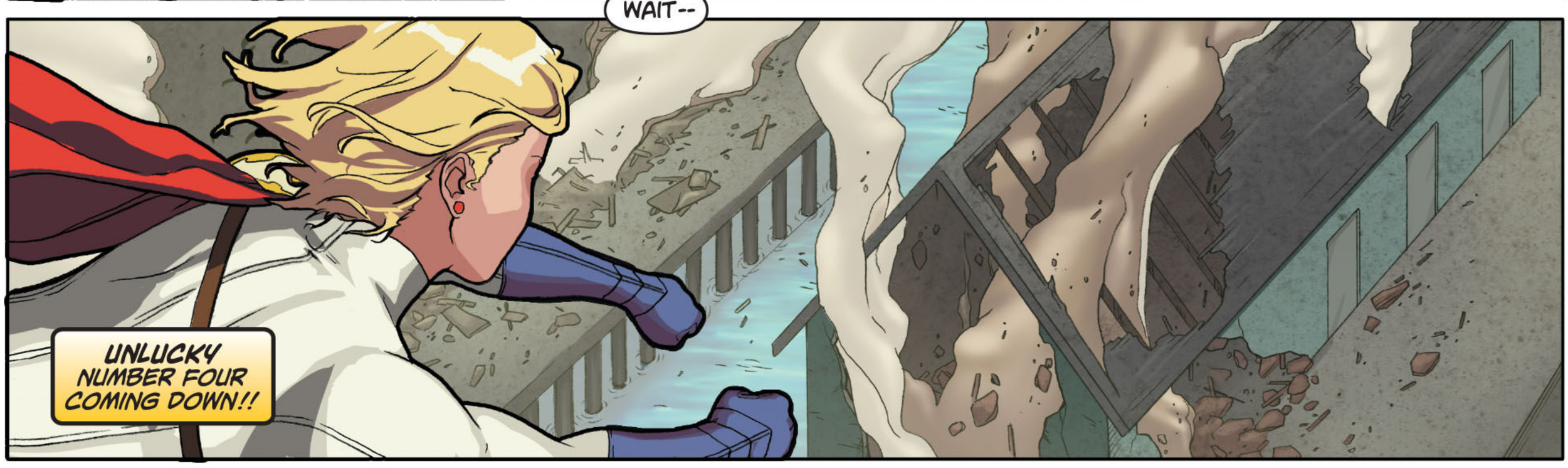
YOU'VE GOT TO GET BACK HERE!
THEY'RE PULLING ALL OF THE HARD DRIVES AND NOT ALL OF THE MATERIAL ON THEM IS COMPANY BUSINESS!!
THEY'RE TAKING EVERYTHING!

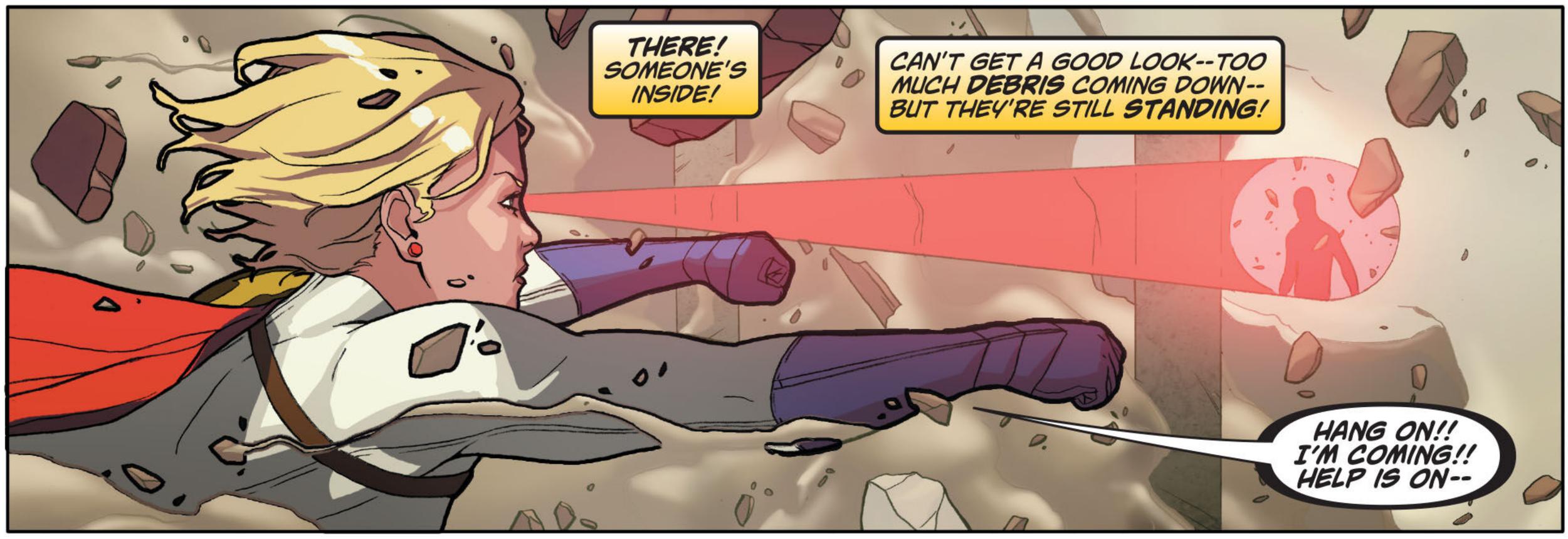

I'M COMING NOW, I--
HANG ON...

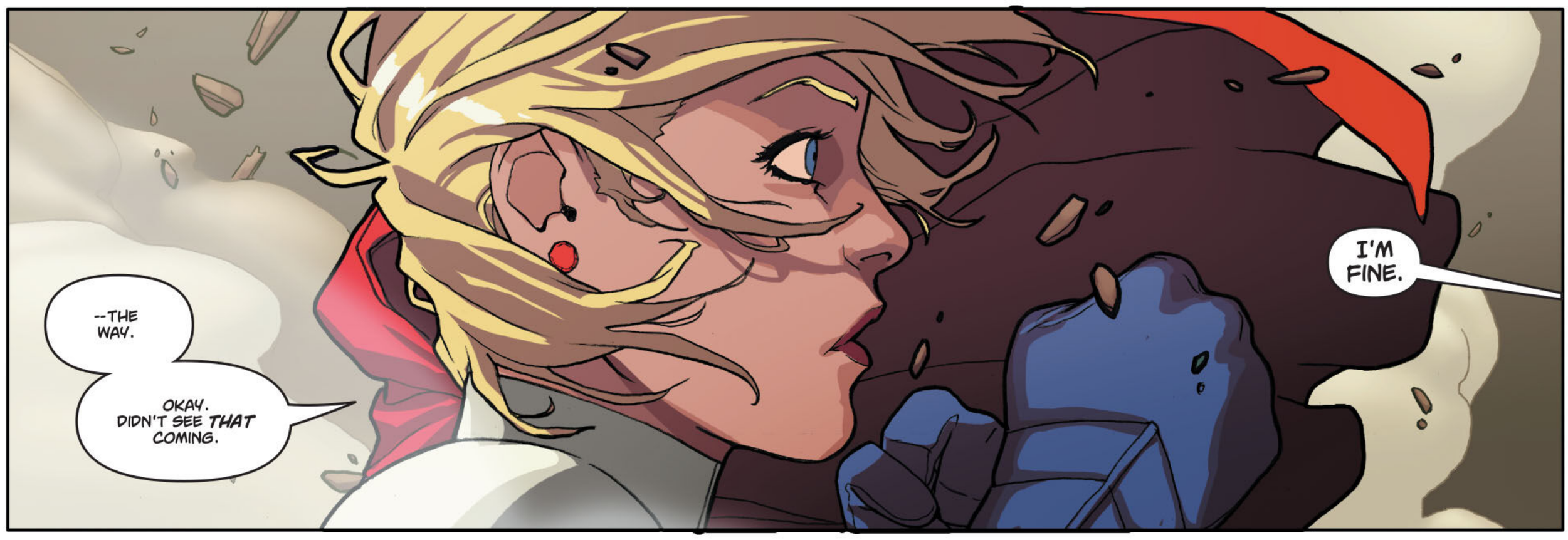

SUPER OREJAS PICKING UP SOME NOISE... SCREAMING... CRASHING... MORE SCREAMING.
DAMN IT.

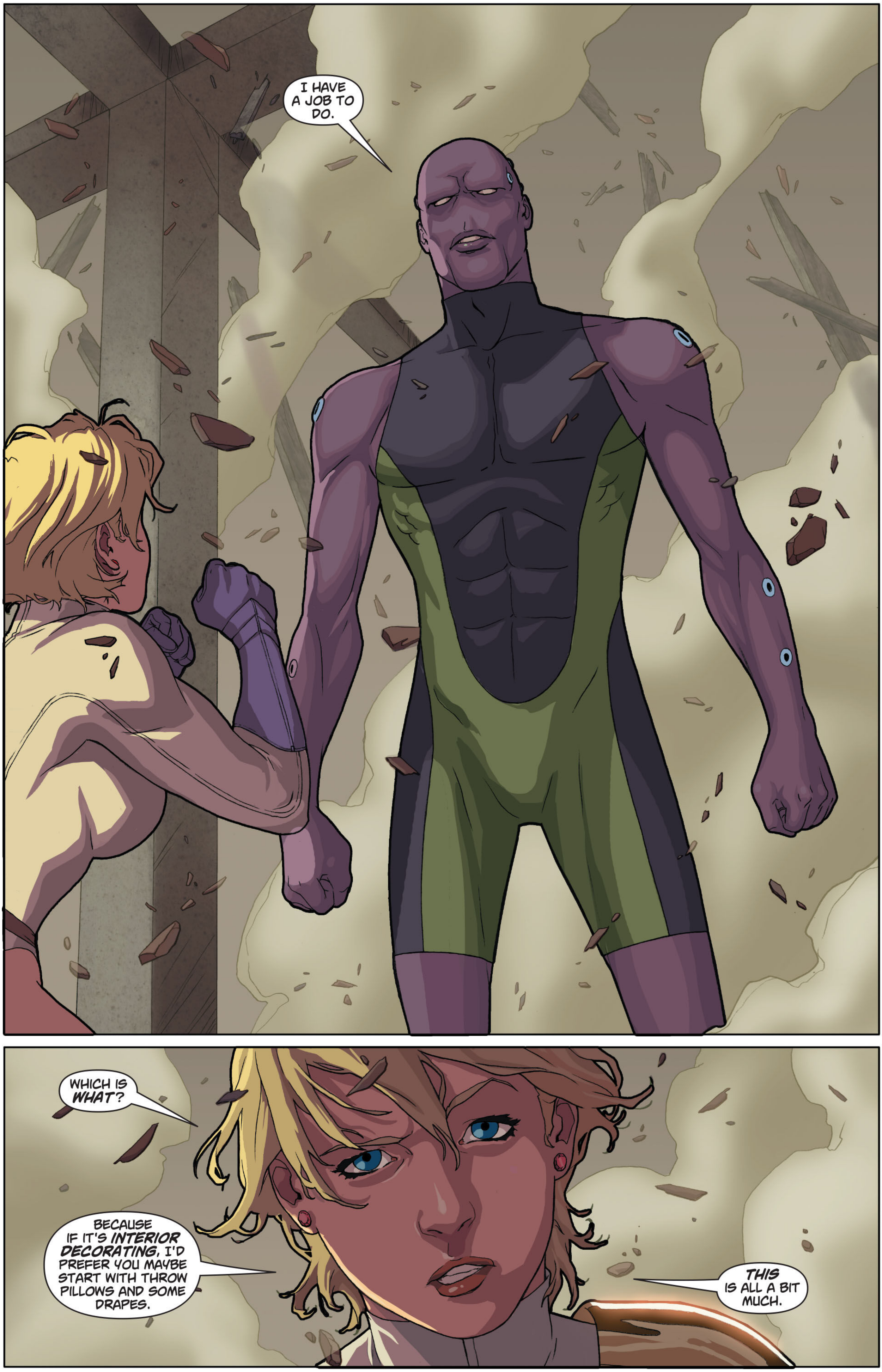

EMERGENCY?!
WE'VE GOT BANK GESTAPO GUTTING OUR OFFICES, WHAT COULD BE--KAREN?!
KAREN--
NICCO, YOU AND SIMON HOLD DOWN THE FORT. I'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY.


"--WE'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY RIGHT HERE!!"
LOOK AT THAT. THREE WAREHOUSES IN A ROW... ABANDONED, IT SEEMS.
BUT I DEFINITELY HEARD SOME SCREAMS BEFORE--
WAIT--

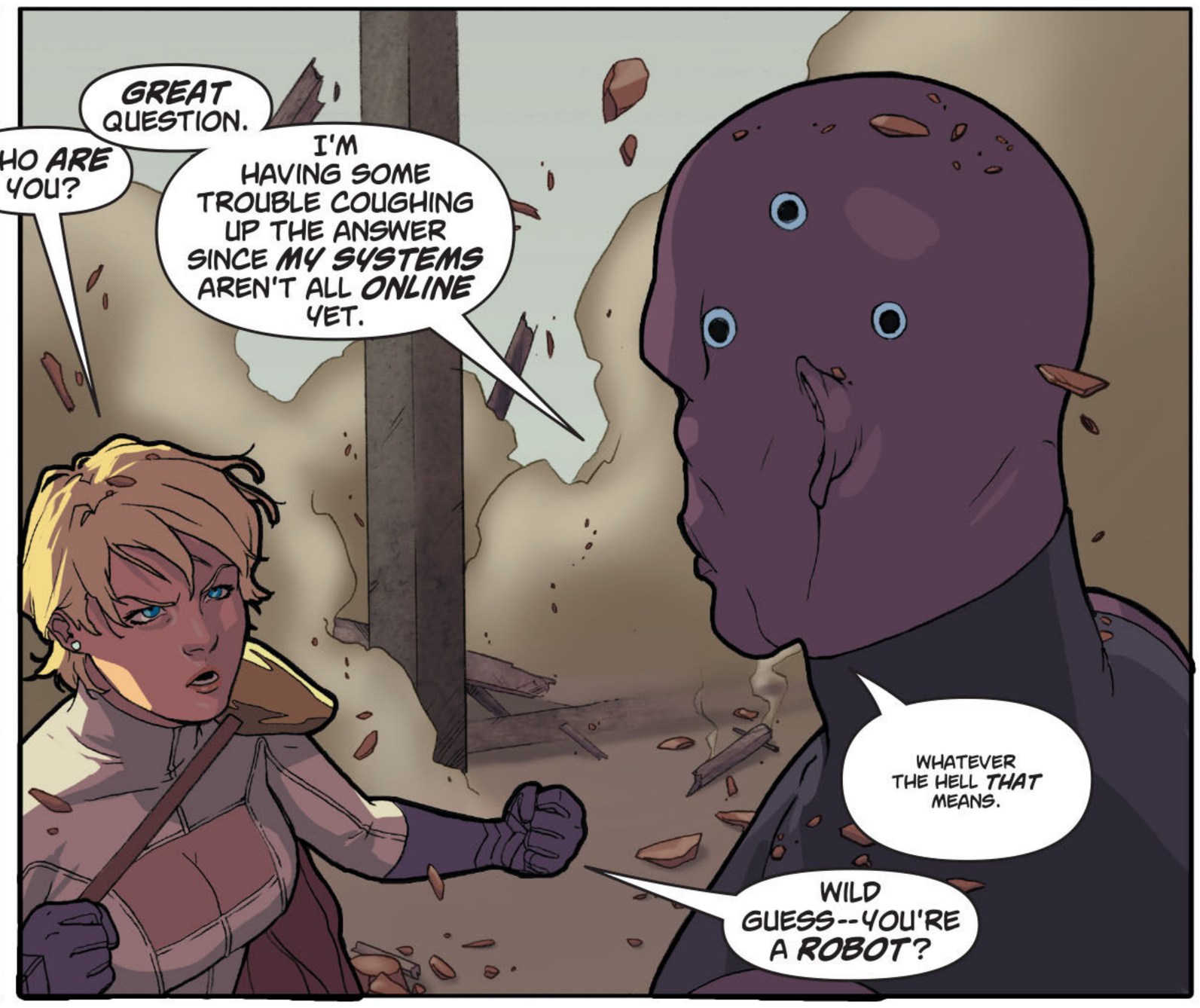

UNLUCKY NUMBER FOUR COMING DOWN!!


THERE! SOMEONE'S INSIDE!
CAN'T GET A GOOD LOOK--TOO MUCH DEBRIS COMING DOWN--BUT THEY'RE STILL STANDING!
HANG ON!! I'M COMING!! HELP IS ON--


--THE WAY.
OKAY. DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING.
I'M FINE.

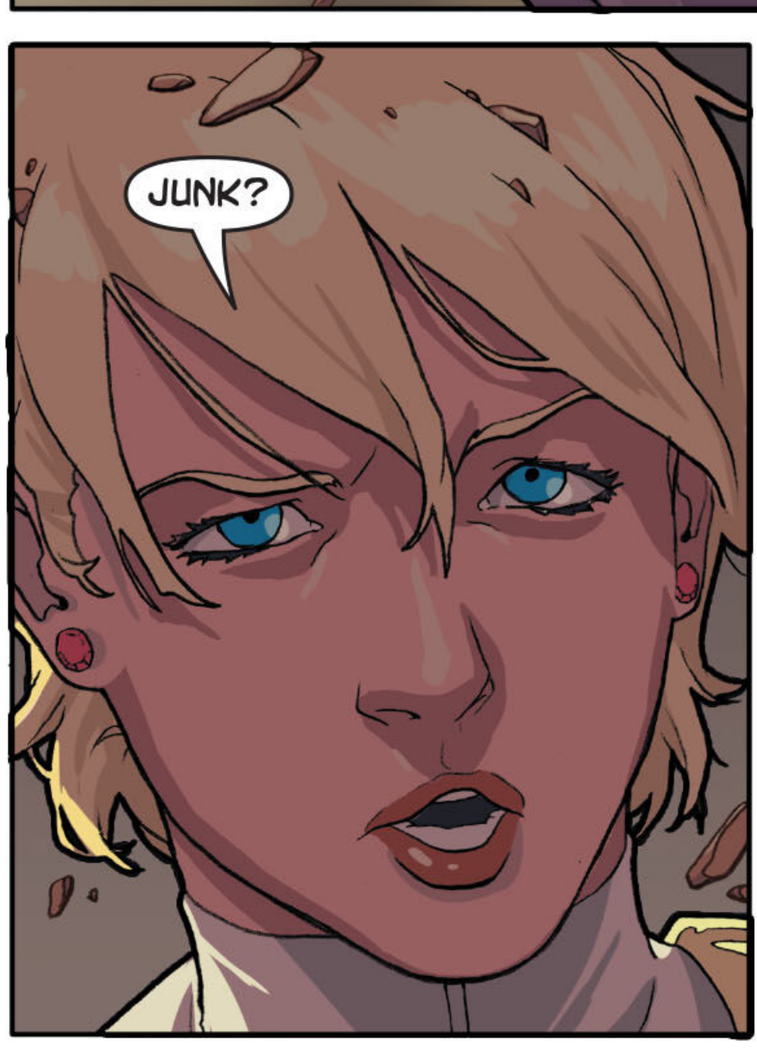

I HAVE A JOB TO DO.
WHICH IS *WHAT*?
BECAUSE IF IT'S *INTERIOR DECORATING*, I'D PREFER YOU MAYBE START WITH THROW PILLOWS AND SOME DRAPES.
THIS IS ALL A BIT MUCH.

GREAT. A COMEDIENNE.
I GUESS IF YA LOOK LIKE A GIANT BASKETBALL PLAYING GRAPE, YER GONNA GET THE JOKES.

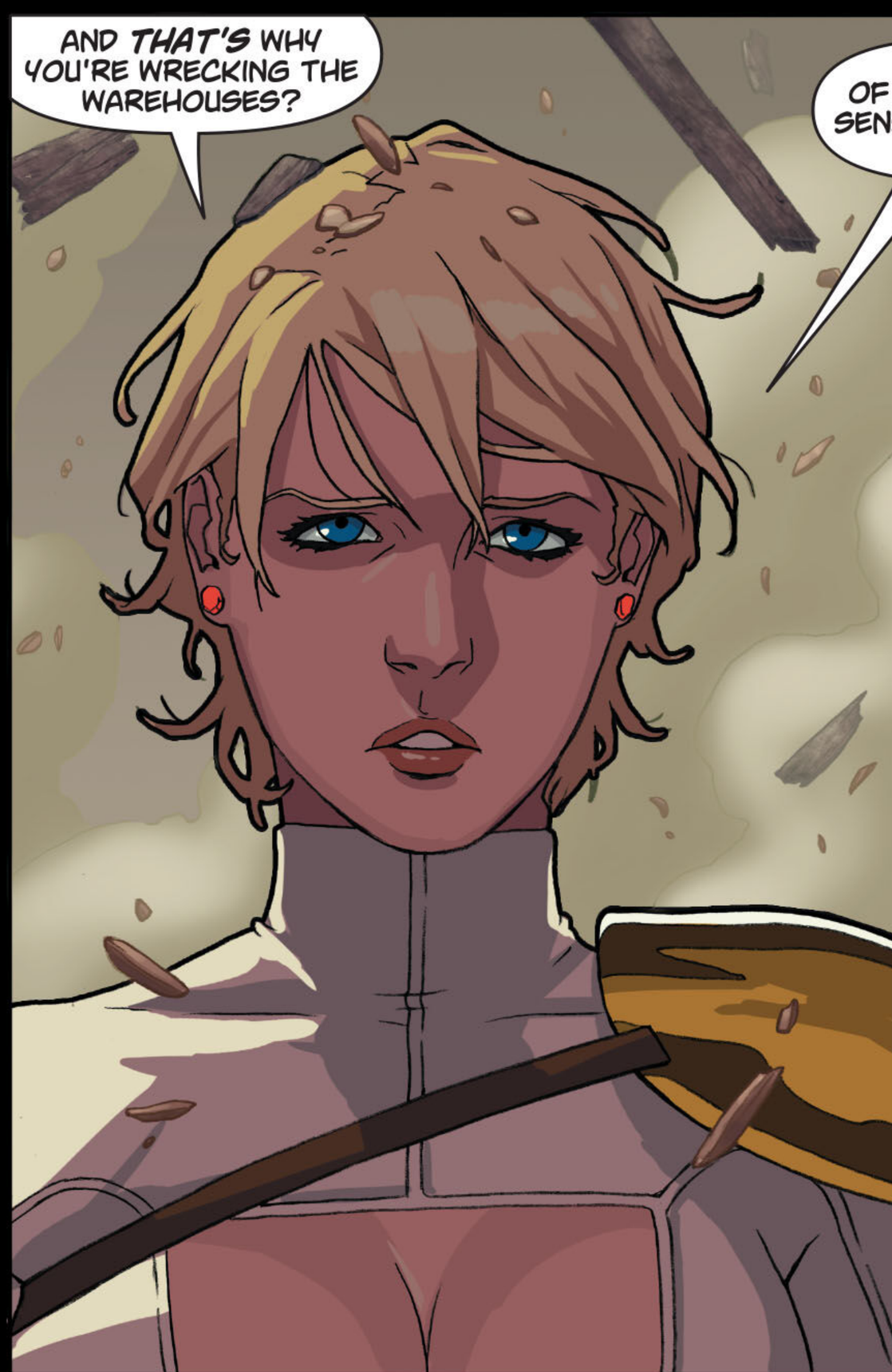

WHO ARE YOU?
GREAT QUESTION.
I'M HAVING SOME TROUBLE COUGHING UP THE ANSWER SINCE MY SYSTEMS AREN'T ALL ONLINE YET.
WHATEVER THE HELL THAT MEANS.
WILD GUESS--YOU'RE A ROBOT?

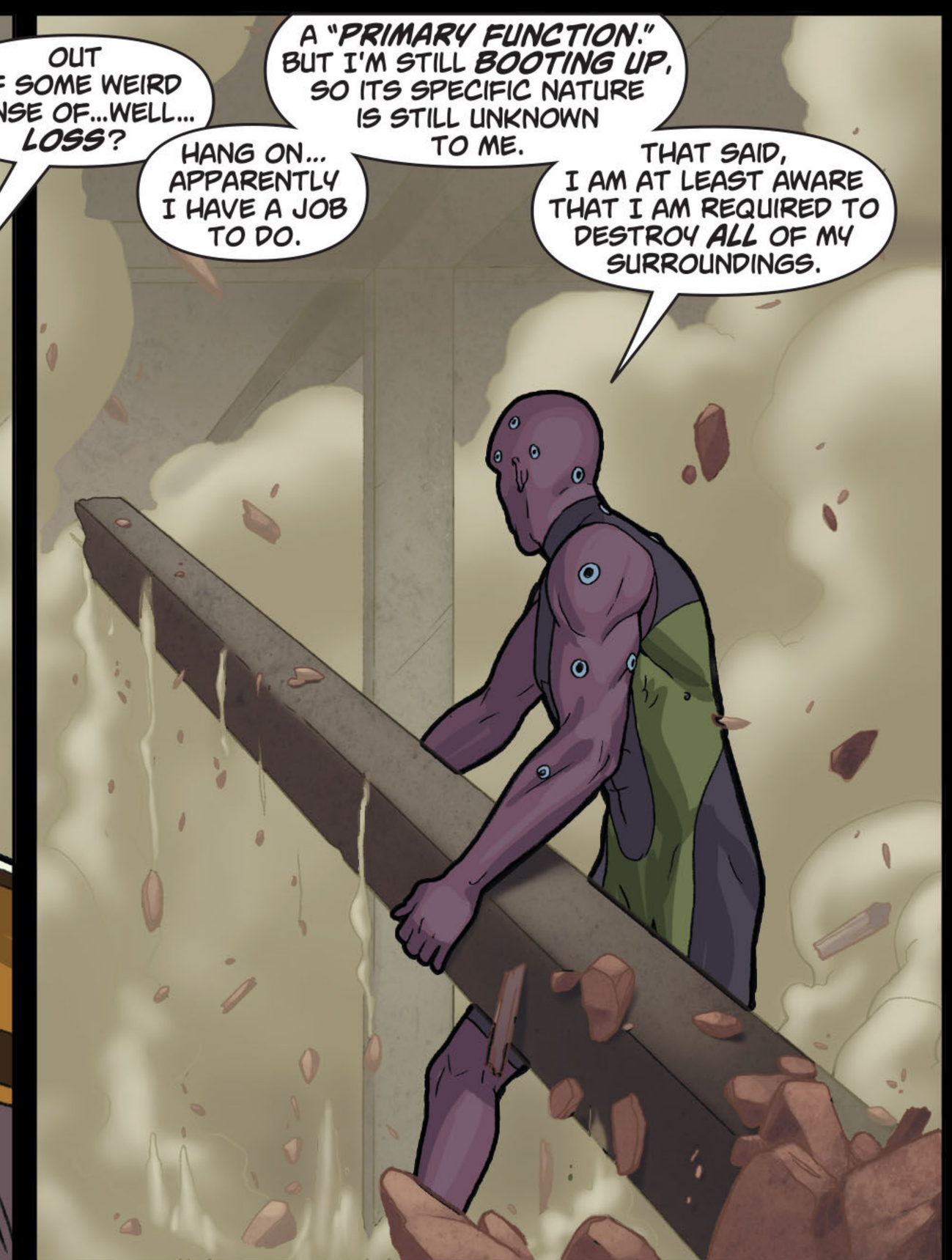
YA THINK?!
I USED TO BE RANDALL MIKAVIC... BUT THIS THING DIDN'T HAVE ALL OF ITS EGGS IN ITS BASKET YET, AND NEEDED TO "ASSIMILATE THE NEURAL PATHWAY STRUCTURE OF A HUMAN BRAIN."
HEH, LISTEN TO ME... I BARELY KNOW WHAT THE @#$% I'M TALKING ABOUT!

ACTUALLY, I'M DEAD!
CRUSHED INTO A MEAT PIZZA UNDER EIGHT TONS OF DESTROYED WAREHOUSE, THREE DOORS DOWN!
BUT A COPY OF MY BRAIN'S COOKING AWAY IN THIS GIANT SLIM JIM.
I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY JUNK FOR PETE'S SAKE!


JUNK?

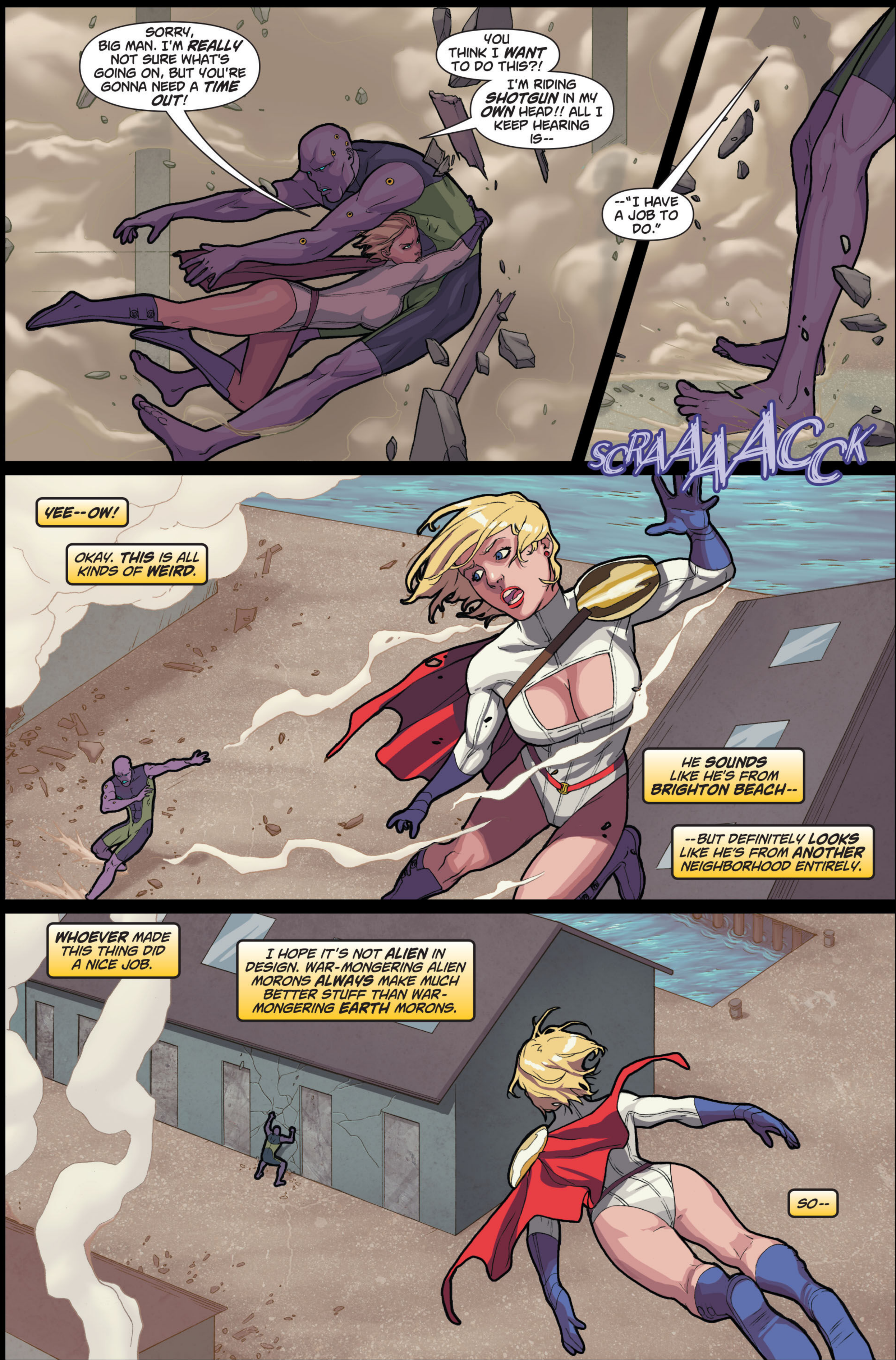
THE FRANK AND BEANS, KIDDO.
I'M LIKE A KEN DOLL DOWN SOUTH.
THIS IS NO WAY FOR A MAN TO HAVE TO LIVE.


AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE WRECKING THE WAREHOUSES?
OUT OF SOME WEIRD SENSE OF...WELL... LOSS?


HANG ON... APPARENTLY I HAVE A JOB TO DO.
A "PRIMARY FUNCTION." BUT I'M STILL BOOTING UP, SO ITS SPECIFIC NATURE IS STILL UNKNOWN TO ME.
THAT SAID, I AM AT LEAST AWARE THAT I AM REQUIRED TO DESTROY ALL OF MY SURROUNDINGS.

BOOOM

MY FAULT FOR GETTING CHATTY.


SORRY, BIG MAN. I'M REALLY NOT SURE WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT YOU'RE GONNA NEED A TIME OUT!
YOU THINK I WANT TO DO THIS?! I'M RIDING SHOTGUN IN MY OWN HEAD!! ALL I KEEP HEARING IS--
--"I HAVE A JOB TO DO."
SCRAAAACK
YEE--OW!
OKAY. THIS IS ALL KINDS OF WEIRD.
HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S FROM BRIGHTON BEACH--
--BUT DEFINITELY LOOKS LIKE HE'S FROM ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD ENTIRELY.
WHOEVER MADE THIS THING DID A NICE JOB.
I HOPE IT'S NOT ALIEN IN DESIGN. WAR-MONGERING ALIEN MORONS ALWAYS MAKE MUCH BETTER STUFF THAN WAR-MONGERING EARTH MORONS.
SO--

--NO REASON TO BE NICE.

OKAY, STRETCH--WE'RE DONE!!

BLAM

I HAVE A JOB--

"A JOB TO DO." YEAH, I KNOW, I CAUGHT IT THE FIRST FIFTEEN TIMES.

BUT YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO CALL IN SICK TODAY, SINCE--

YOU.

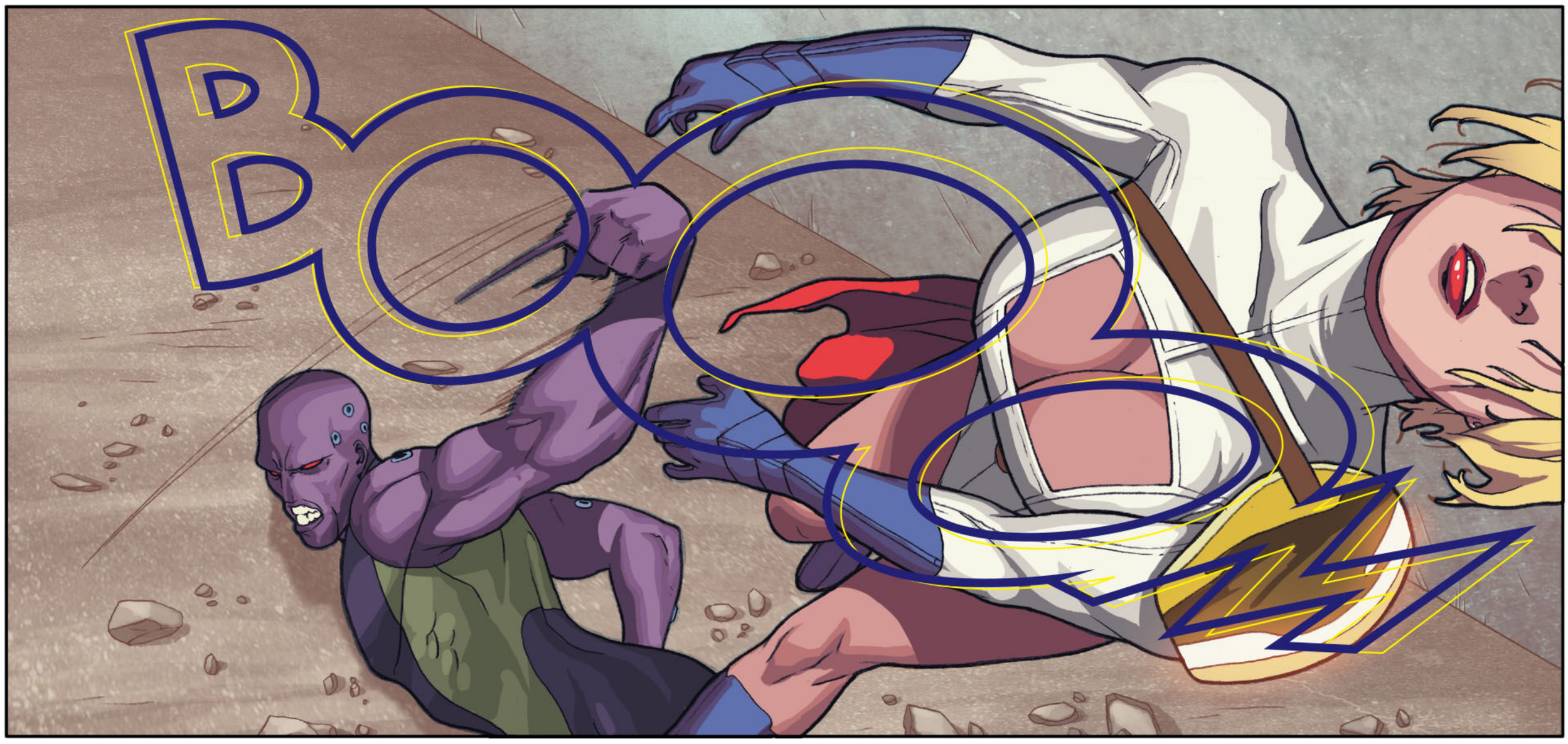
YOU ARE POWER GIRL.

KRYPTONIAN.

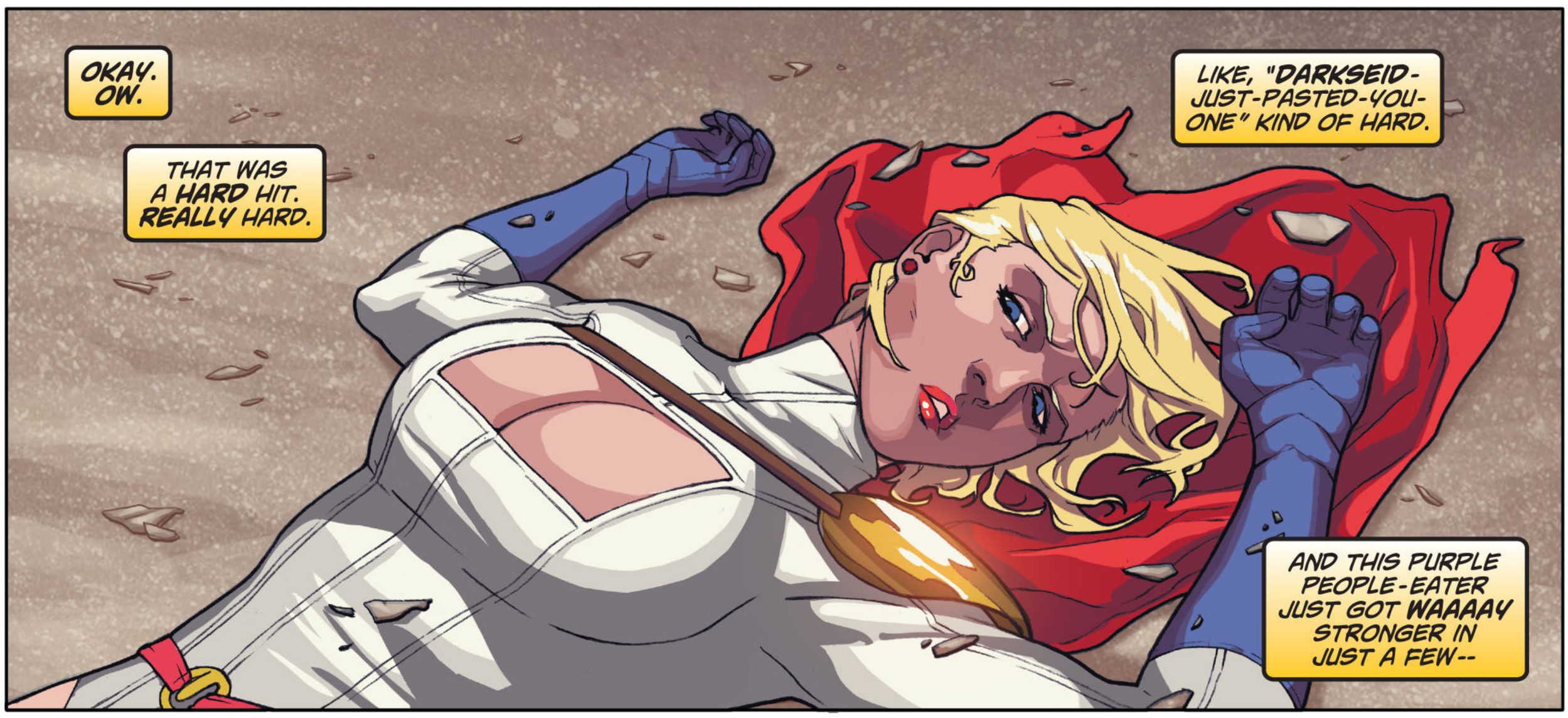
ONE OF THREE POSSIBLE OBJECTIVES.

"POSSIBLE OBJECTIVES"? NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABO--

SYSTEMS ONLINE. PROTOCOL ACTIVATED!

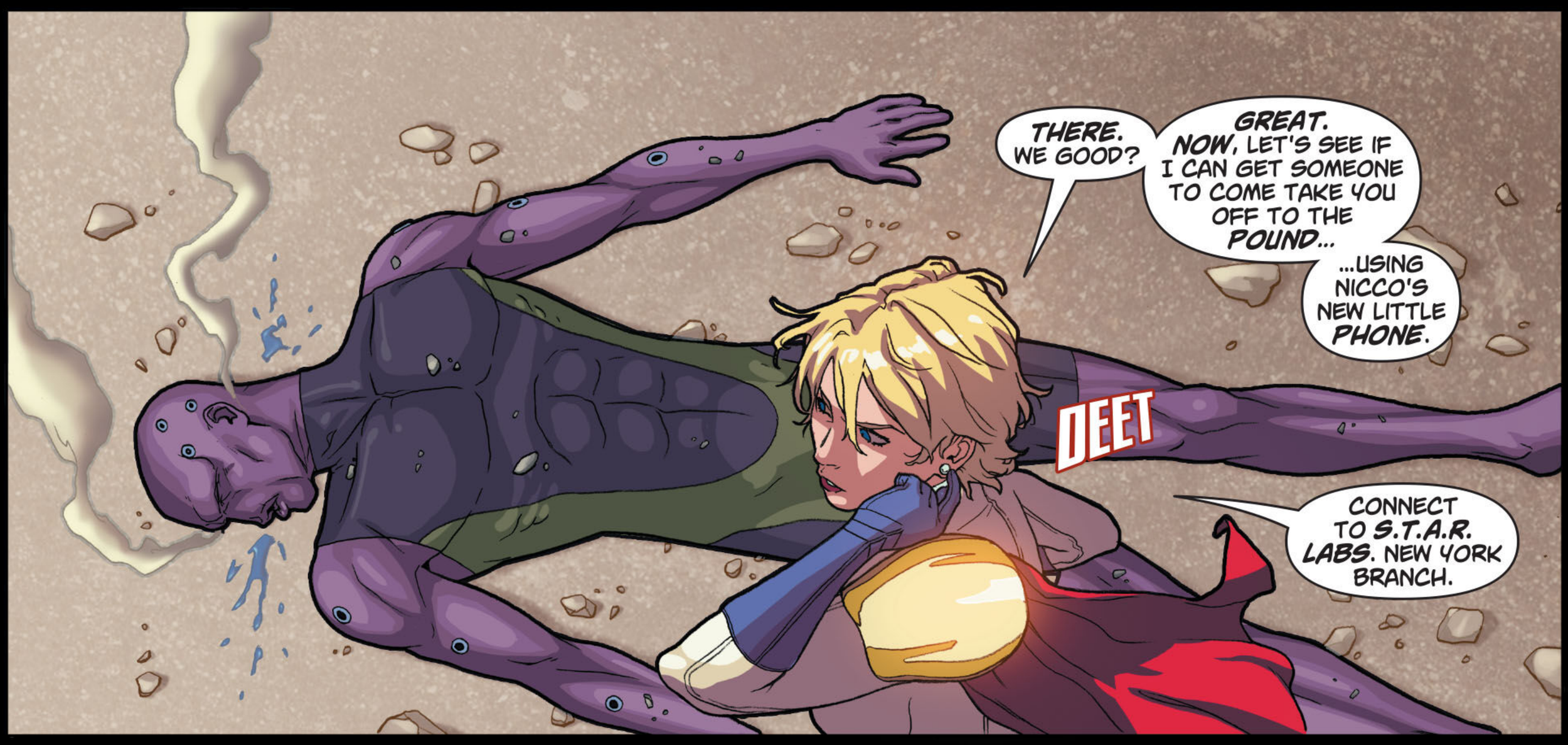

BOOM

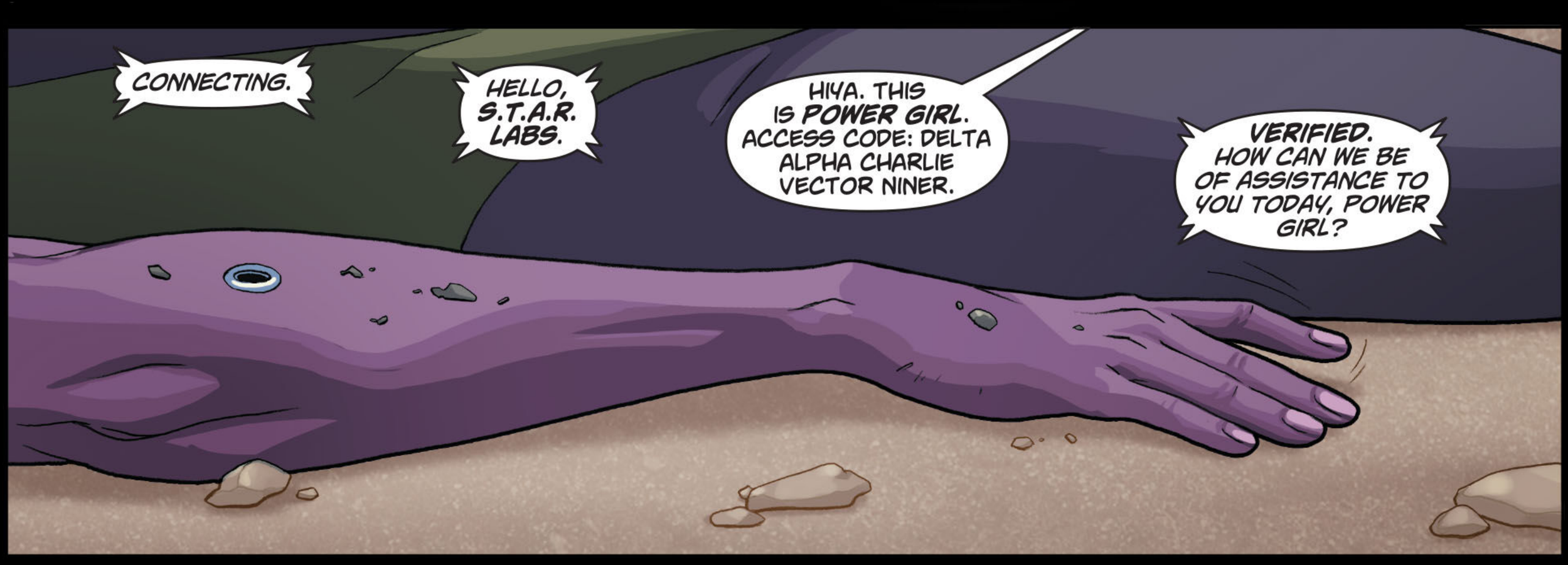
CRA-DOOM

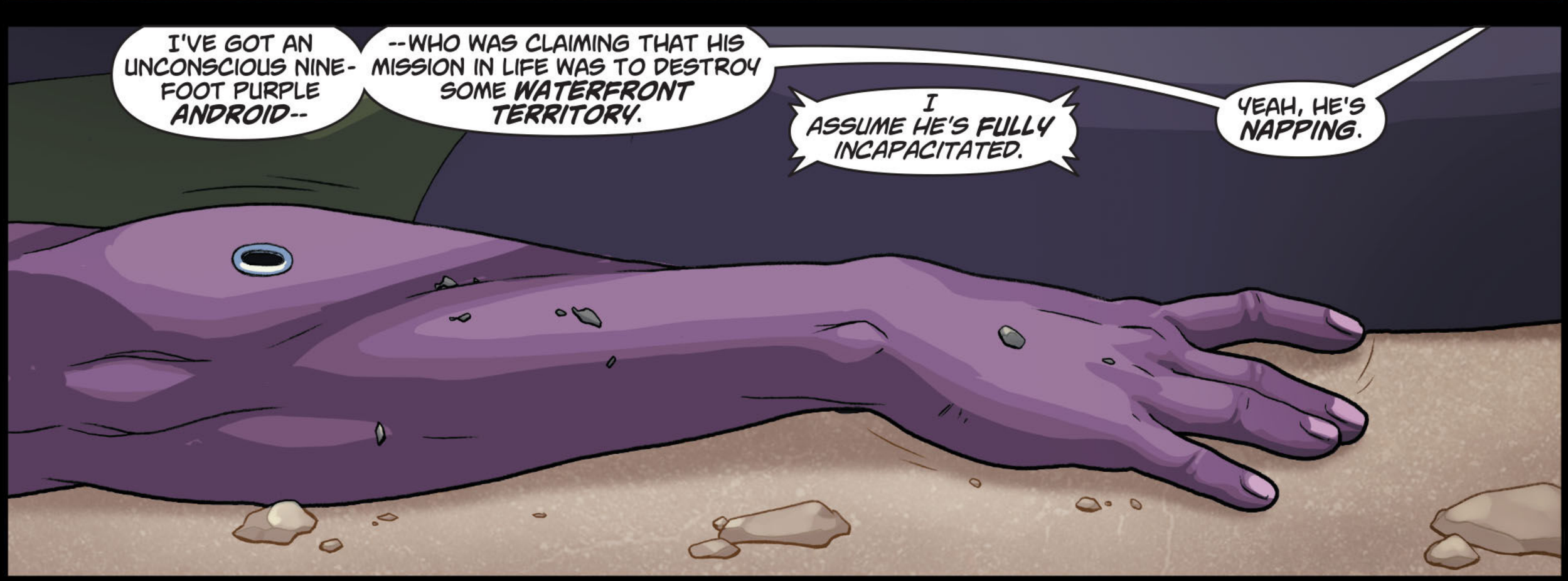

OKAY. OW.
THAT WAS A HARD HIT. REALLY HARD.
LIKE, "DARKSEID-JUST-PASTED-YOU-ONE" KIND OF HARD.
AND THIS PURPLE PEOPLE-EATER JUST GOT WAAAAY STRONGER IN JUST A FEW--

--SECONDS.
FASTER TOO.
FINE.
CRACK
I'M FAST AND STRONG TOO.

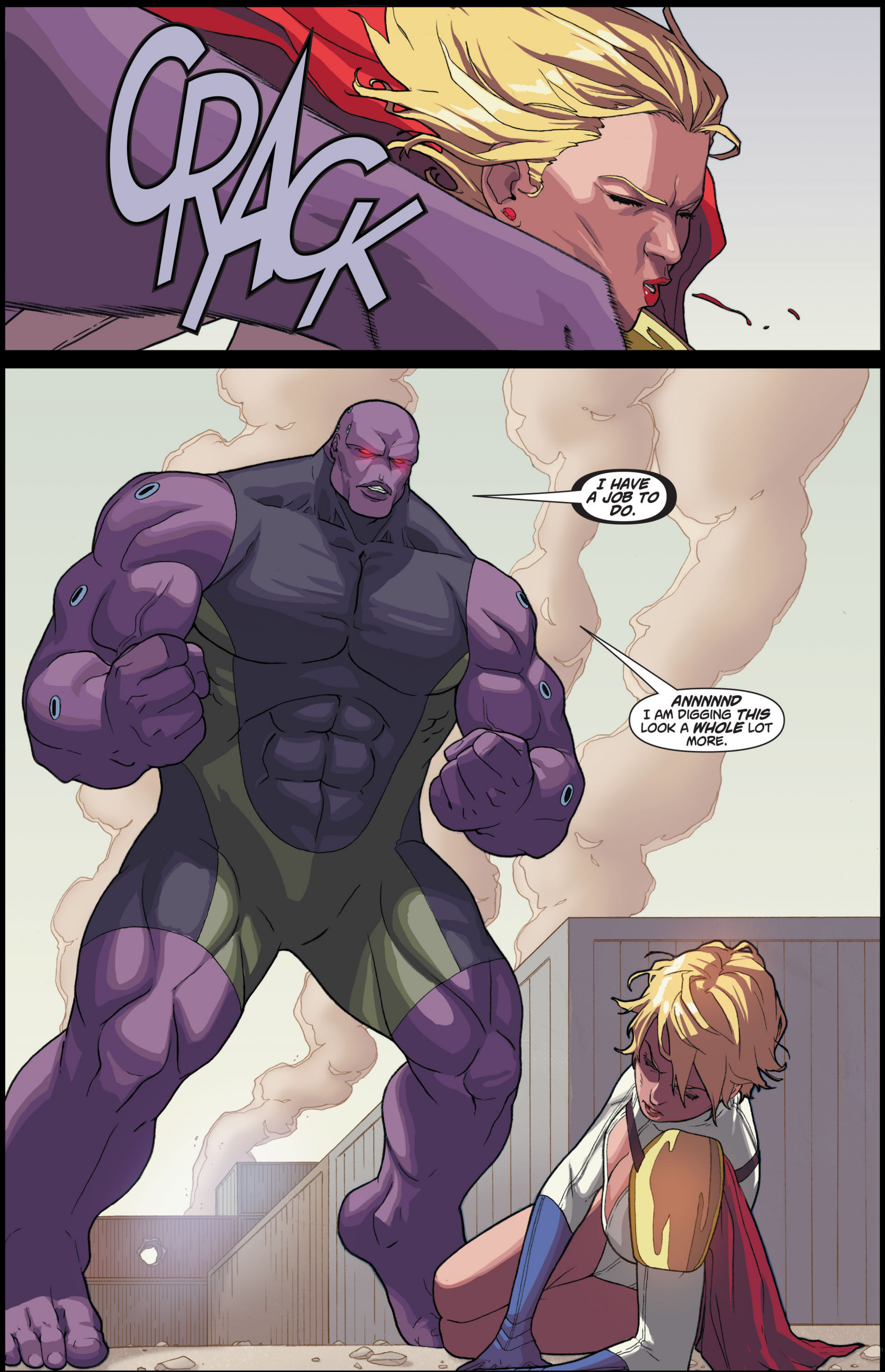
FAST ENOUGH--
--THAT WHAT SEEMS LIKE ONE OF THESE PUNCHES--
--IS ACTUALLY TEN HITS!!
SUPER-SPEED AT WORK HERE, C-3PO!!
DEAL WITH THAT!!


THERE. WE GOOD?
GREAT. NOW, LET'S SEE IF I CAN GET SOMEONE TO COME TAKE YOU OFF TO THE POUND...
...USING NICCO'S NEW LITTLE PHONE.
DEET
CONNECT TO S.T.A.R. LABS. NEW YORK BRANCH.


CONNECTING.
HELLO, S.T.A.R. LABS.
HIYA. THIS IS POWER GIRL. ACCESS CODE: DELTA ALPHA CHARLIE VECTOR NINER.
VERIFIED. HOW CAN WE BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU TODAY, POWER GIRL?


I'VE GOT AN UNCONSCIOUS NINE-FOOT PURPLE ANDROID--
--WHO WAS CLAIMING THAT HIS MISSION IN LIFE WAS TO DESTROY SOME WATERFRONT TERRITORY.
I ASSUME HE'S FULLY INCAPACITATED.
YEAH, HE'S NAPPING.

I COULD FLY HIM OVER TO YOU, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE HAULING HIS SKINNY BUTT OVER POPULATED TERRITORY ONLY TO FIND HIM DECIDING THAT HE'S NOT SLEEPY ANYMORE. SO--
ASSIMILATION COMPLETE.
THE HELL--?


CRACK
I HAVE A JOB TO DO.
ANNNNND I AM DIGGING THIS LOOK A WHOLE LOT MORE.

I'M... I'M SOOOOO HAPPY YOU'RE HAPPY...
I AM. ALL MY SYSTEMS ARE ONLINE AND I AM FUNCTIONING AT FULL FREAKING CAPACITY.
WITH THAT, I AM NOW TOTALLY AWARE OF ALL MY PROTOCOLS.
INCLUDING MY PRIMARY OBJECTIVE.
RIGHT. THAT'D BE THE JOB YOU HAVE TO DO?
THAT'S RIGHT. BUT MY JOB DESCRIPTION HAS BEEN AMPED...
...NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO DESTROY ALL OF NEW YORK CITY.
OF COURSE YOU ARE.
NEXT: CRASH! KILL! DESTROY!

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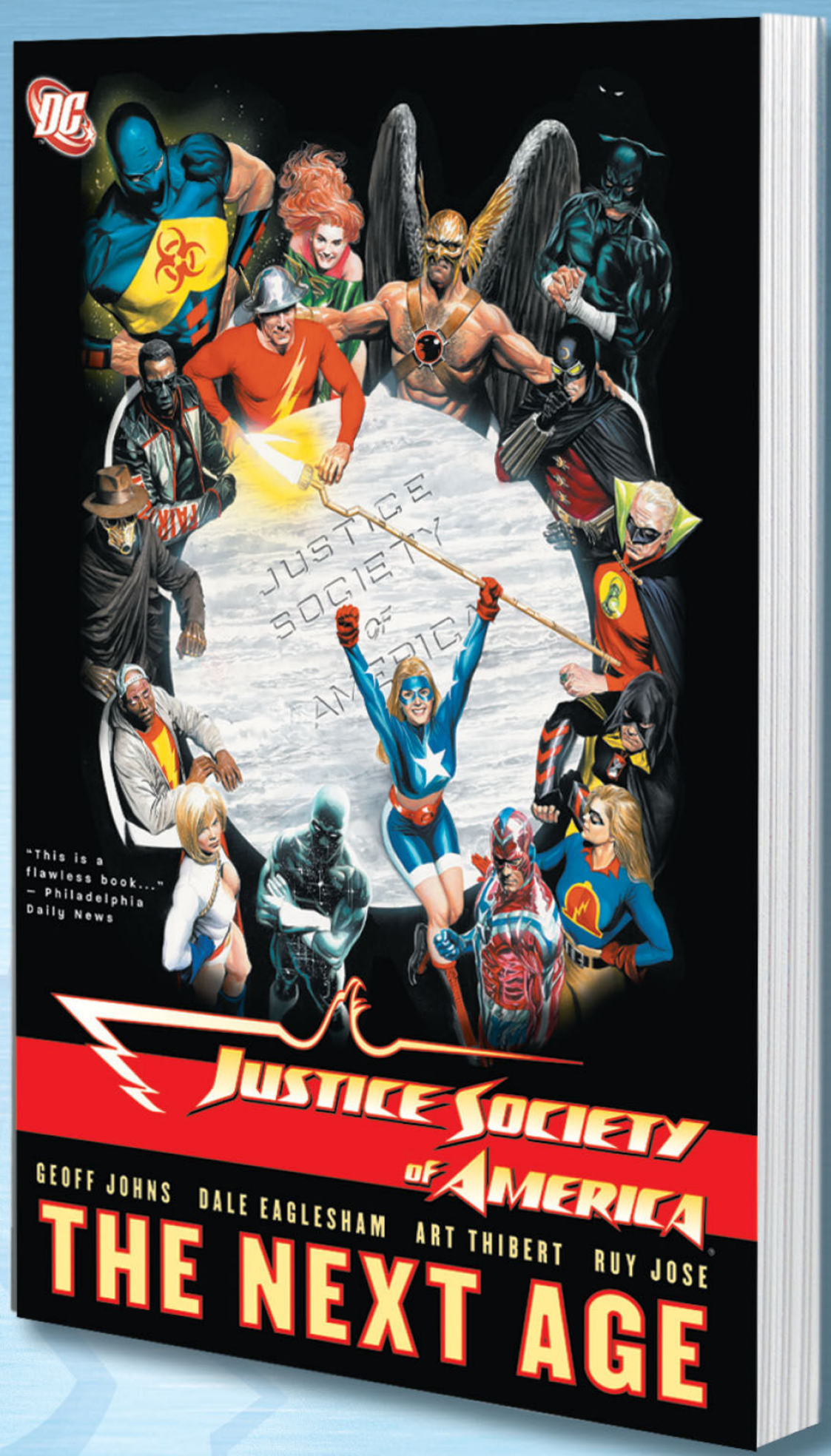

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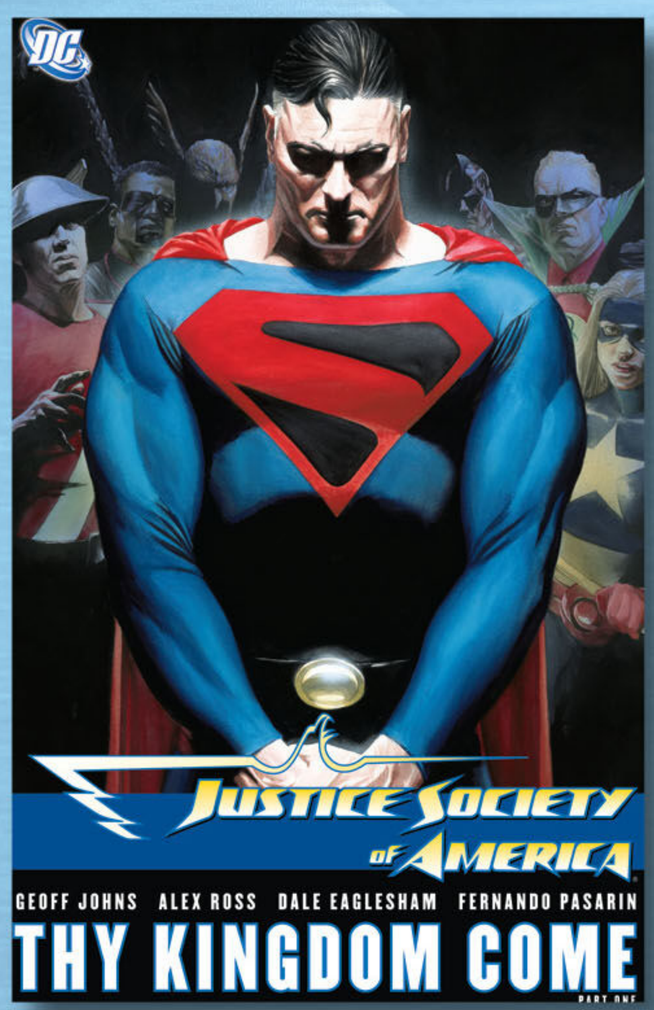
THY KINGDOM COME PART 1



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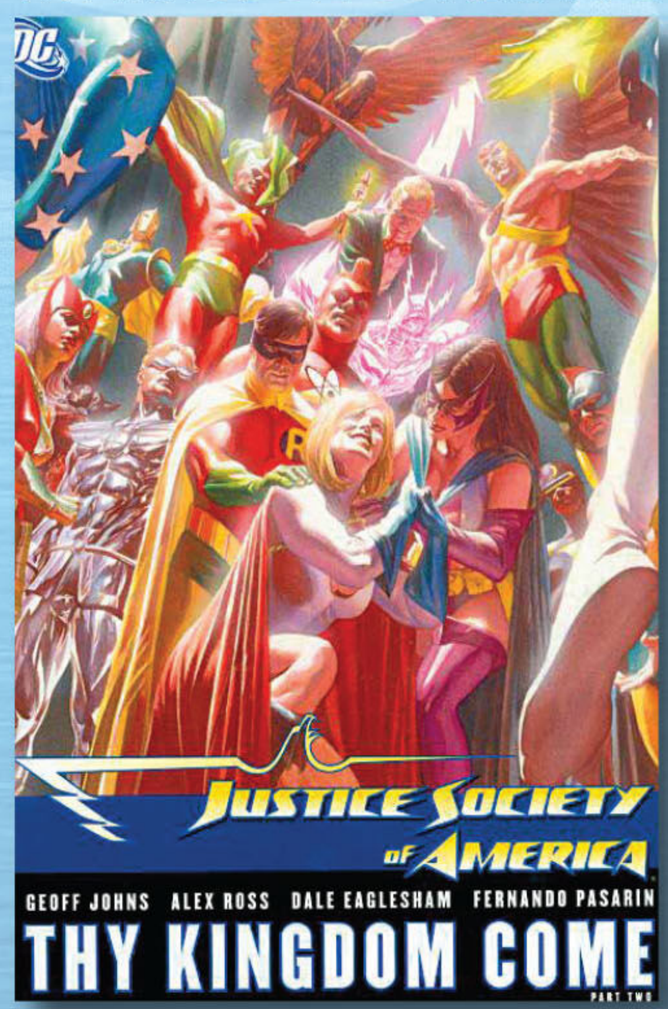

with
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THY KINGDOM COME PART 3

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